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Vol. CLXXXIII No. 2387 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC OCTOBER 20 1945

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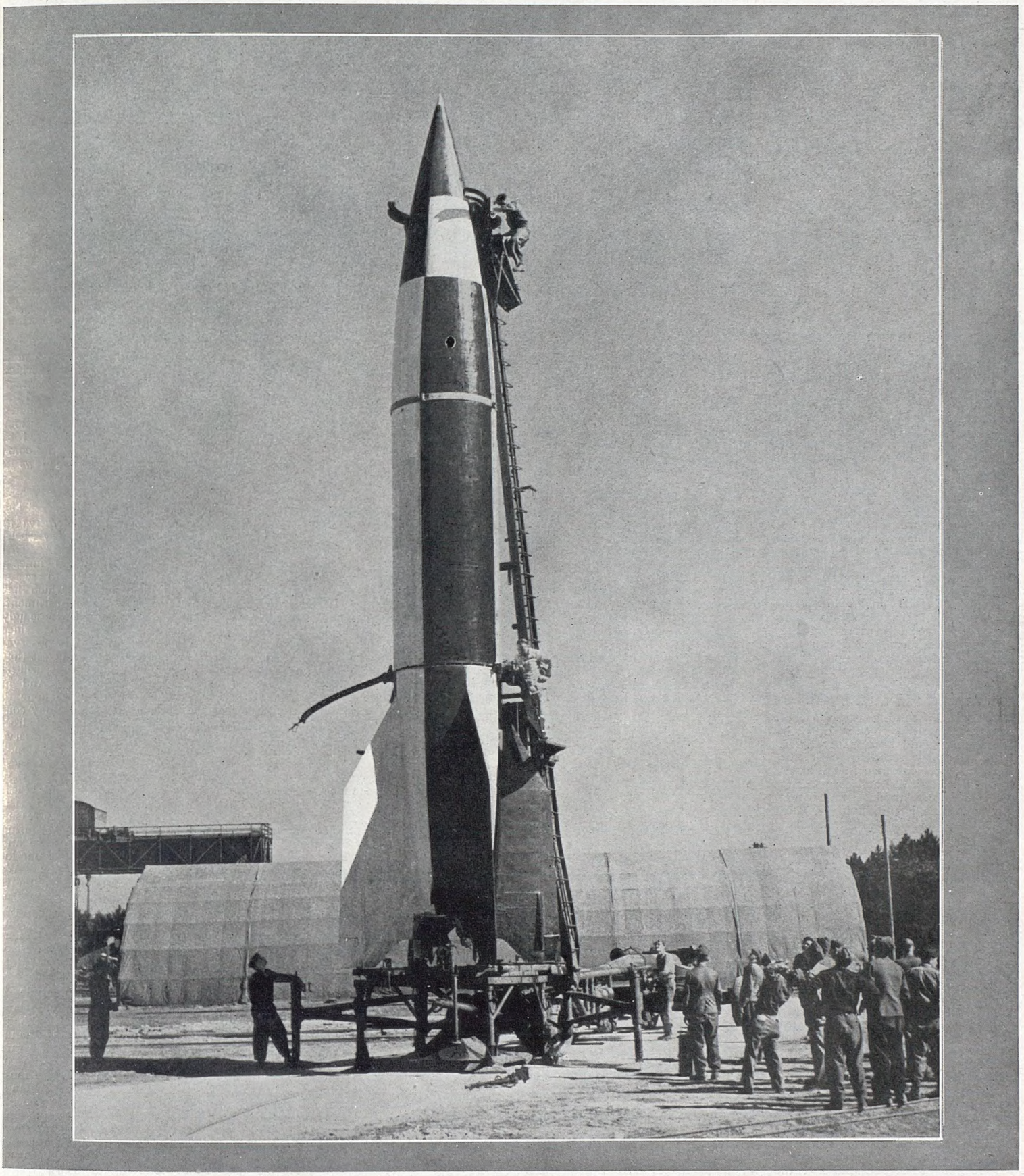

GERMAN V 2 ROCKETS SEEN CLOSE UP: A BRITISH EXPERIMENT AT CUXHAVEN, WHERE SCIENTIFIC EXPERTS ARE EXPERIMENTING WITH THE GREAT PROJECTILES.
A rocket is here seen in the vertical position with servicing personnel loosening the retaining straps of the cradle

Soldiers from the British Army and technicians from the Ministry of Supply have successfully fired V 2 rockets from Germany into the North Sea. At the time the operation was planned there was no launching site available. Men of the Royal Engineers constructed in six weeks a launching site and large buildings in which tests could be carried out, where fuels could be prepared and the huge rockets assembled. When sufficient components had been prepared, one V 2 was assembled. It was handed over to Artillerymen, who superintended its removal to the launching site by German prisoners of war. It was part of the plan that the actual firing should be done by German technicians under the watchful eyes of Instructors of Gunnery from the Royal Artillery. The rocket, however, failed to rise. One of the technicians climbed into the combustion chamber to see what was wrong. It was necessary for him to stay in the chamber for some little while in an effort to remedy the defect. So powerful were the alcoholic fumes from the fuels employed that he became drunk. A second rocket was assembled and tested, and this was launched with complete success at a target area 150 miles out in the North Sea. So satisfactory were the new guiding devices that the rocket fell within three miles of the target point. Later the rocket which had originally failed to rise was again tried, this time successfully. (*See also page 67*)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

"Here is the News."—On Saturday night, October 13, a family party, young and old, sat round the fire listening to the 9 o'clock news. It was rather longer than has been usual of late, the items ranging from the Far East across Europe to Britain and the American Continent. It was a tale of continuous, non-stop bad news; there was not a single redeeming feature, a single isolated ray of hope, until the very last item recorded the size of the "gates" at the chief League football matches. Everywhere was insurrection, revolt, battle and sudden death, unauthorised strikes, foodstuffs perishing, defiance, deadlock, discontent and disaster. There was not one gleam of comfort. As the hideous catalogue of that fatal October 13 wore on, and the usually cynical, sub-acid tones of the announcer droned on, the tragi-comedy of the bulletin began to strike the younger listeners. The awful piling up of items of bad news induced a *fou rire*, and they began to titter as gloomy Pelions piled on dingy Ossas; and soon their elders caught the infection until at last the whole party greeted each shocking item with roars of cynic laughter. "How beautiful," someone quoted, "are the feet of them that bring us good tidings of Peace." I mention the incident with shame. Others, I think, must have been struck by the total blackness of that Bulletin of October 13. Is this indeed "the best claret, Mary?" "The best you 've got, Sir"? Is there not in our brave new world one ray of comfort to announce, one gleam of hope through the dark, lowering clouds of post-war disruption and universal discontent? If such there be, ought not the B.B.C. to notice and cherish it? If there is none, how right is Professor Joad to insist so constantly upon his utter and irredeemable pessimism. But can anything constructive be built on complete pessimism and cynicism? I think not.

War Doesn't Pay.—Hitler's little war, according to the best available statistics given recently by the Premier (and presumably agreed with German records), cost the Germans 7,500,000 men in the armed forces alone in killed and permanently disabled from making war again. How many millions of civilians, killed by bombs, starved to death, killed by the Nazis or by other war pests, may be added to swell that total we cannot yet say with certainty. But it would be safe to say that Hitler's war wiped out or removed from active life one-eighth of the German nation. This is *decimation* with knobs on. It is worth recording. Modern war decimates the nation that wages it, even with constant victories and all the advantages on its side for two-thirds of the war's length. *Atomic* war (it is as safe to say) must quite certainly reduce the population of a combatant country twice as swiftly; might indeed HALVE the total population if it could last as long as earlier total wars (which is doubtful). The Germans have other visual proofs and harsh daily experiences to remind them that war doesn't pay. But memory is short in Germany, and short outside Germany. We and the U.S.A. at least, with fewer visual proofs and daily experiences much less bitter, will be well advised to remember these statistics and the deductions which may justly be derived from them. So, it is to be hoped, will Russia remember. No country has better reason to know the costs of war, and none has a more urgent call to the task of finding the only effective method of ensuring future peace. Just as reparations can never wipe out the costs of war, so barricades, physical, military, political or economic, can never henceforth fend it off. The hopes of peace rest on a change of heart, not of frontiers or power balance.

THE EFFECT OF THE DOCK STRIKE: Ships lying idle at Tilbury on the day when 1,500 more men went out. This picture was taken on Wednesday of last week, and shows long rows of ships, some loaded with perishable foodstuffs, waiting to be unloaded. The strike, which is unofficial, spread from dock to dock all over the country, and at the time when this picture was taken 44,000 men were idle. The men are demanding a 40-hour week and a guaranteed 25s. a day. In the most-affected ports troops have been unloading the more urgent portion of the cargoes of more than fifty ships

War Criminals.—If the printed or spoken words of authority mean anything, the Allies mean business in the trial of the major War Criminals. Among the two dozen in the cages (Hess joining the Panel ex-England) are unquestionably the first dozen prime criminals of Nazism still alive. The procedure appears to be agreed—a rare instance of unanimity among the Big Four. To say that that procedure is simple would be rash. It is incredibly complicated. There are four chief judges and four sets of prosecutors, each nurtured in a system of legal procedure as different from t'other as chalk from cheese. Each national tribunal will be responsible for one of four main articles of a common indictment; for presumably the Judge of the responsible nation will preside while the prosecutors of that nation conduct the prosecution on that article of indictment. It is unthinkable that Lord Justice Lawrence could preside while M. de Menthon conducted the prosecution, or that Sir Hartley should prosecute while General Nikitchenko or a French Professor of Criminal Law sat on the Bench. Wigs would lie on the green inside five minutes. The first effort to try Laval must have taught the Allied International Court a good deal. It cannot have overrated the difficulties that invest an international court facing its first venture at impartial justice, with a dockful of notorious criminals whose crimes smell to Heaven, and whose blood-guiltiness has long been the prime theme of hate propaganda. The Laval trial has not only prejudged the accused; it has prejudiced the public mind against all courts attempting to try such accused as these.

The Liveliness of Hitler.—I have the greatest respect for Eisenhower's opinions, but, with respect, I cite a few instances of famous or infamous dead men in the past who have indulged in popular resurrection. The Princes of the Tower and Louis XVII "staged a number of comebacks." So in our own times did Jack the Ripper, General MacDonald and Lord Kitchener. It may be taken as morally certain that if any notorious or famous person meets his end in mysterious circumstances, or, indeed, in circumstances beyond the chance of irrefutable proof of identity, if his return to life be either widely dreaded or widely desired, return he will on the wings of rumour and those rumours will "rise to practical certainty." Nor does any Statute of Limitation (beyond the extreme span of human life) restrict these resurrections. Warbeck, Louis XVII and the Ripper are doubtless very, very dead now. But Hitler (unless he be laid by the heels beyond doubt or locked up in gaol) may continue to rise again for thirty years, whenever a Silly Season requires a suitable news item. We shall hear of him in America, in the Argentine, in Bavaria and in Japan, mark my words; and perhaps he is even now skulking in one of these hide-outs. But I take comfort: "Dead or alive, nobody minds Ben Gunn"—to-day.

Unofficial Strikes.—Collective bargaining was won for the workers slowly, painfully and tardily. It became their Magna Charta. To-day the hot-heads are tearing it up. Unofficial strikes for the most trivial reasons set at naught that organisation by which alone masses can make their claims and secure justice. As the influence of the Trade Unions grows in politics and Government councils, so does it decline in authority over the workers which those Unions represent. One might think it odd if the Schoolmasters' Conference chose as their chairman a headmaster whose boys had kicked him down in school and torn up his rules and regulations. Yet the situation is not altogether different with the T.U.C. It is desirable to put your own house in order before you issue advice to your neighbours on domestic science and technique. And this truth must strike home to-day not only to the T.U.C., but to the Labour Government. If they demand discipline and restraint from the nation at large, let them show that they have the power to enforce their demands among that section which is tearing down their rules and regulations.

Petrol.—Mr. Shinwell may well have felt unhappy when he knocked on the head the *justifiably* high hopes of an increase in petrol allowance. Justifiably, because no warnings against "optimism" on this particular subject were put out even when first the "dollar" trouble grew large and instant with the ending of Lend-Lease. Justifiably, because it is not now denied that the sterling areas *have* the petrol; it is only now tardily made clear that we have no transports to carry it here. For myself, I am as ready as most decent citizens to endure this and other necessary austerities far into the peace. But what I cannot endure with philosophy is, firstly, the Government's constant failure to keep the public timeously informed of *facts*, however unfavourable; and, secondly, its refusal to comprehend that it is not rationing and austerity which are wearing us all so thin, but the elaboration of forms which rationing still demands. The labour involved in suing for one's duty petrol inclines many a man to abandon his voluntary unpaid duties. Under human and sympathetic government, his plea could be in two words each quarter: "Same duties." The mental agony caused by rendering his income- and super-tax returns makes many a man decide that he would rather sacrifice to the State an even higher percentage of his income if he might be spared the intolerable affliction of these redundant, clumsy and unintelligible questionnaires. If only we were suffered to starve in peace. . . . But we are compelled to wear ourselves to shadows to secure our Barmecide's feasts.

Your Gas-mask.—"The Government will give a directive to Local Authorities within a few weeks as to the disposal of gas masks." This "News in brief" is news indeed. Within a few weeks we are to receive a directive on a matter which has concerned us, from our Government. What the weekly wastage of these ugly precautions may have been since VE-Day I do not know. My observation and experience alike suggest that the collection, when it is made, will be a meagre scrap collection. And in a few weeks more, may we hope to hear that Home Guardsmen may convert to civilian use their battledress and so forth, and no longer preserve them against moths and threatened invasions? And if and when these directives issue, may we hope that they will include explanations of these puzzling delays in decision? Or is it still (and forever) "ours not to reason why"? I fear that still, as during those six years of eternal waste and ever-increasing dictation, it is our lot to obey and not to question. We supposed that we had *leased* our rights as citizens of a Democracy for the term of the war. We know now that we signed away the fee simple in favour of two masters jointly—Government and Bureaucracy. And the greatest of these is Bureaucracy.

Golden Days.—Gratitude is good for the soul. It is hard these days to find just cause for gratitude, though in truth we have so much to be thankful for. I register gratitude for a rare fortnight of golden days at a time of the year when golden days are most welcome and, in Southern England, sweetest. It is natural that the poets concentrate on spring. After the long winter, the "away to the meadows again" feeling is a vivid stimulus to poetry and praise. But when Nature relents in October, after robbing us of our ration of summer, it is a case of *Bis dat qui dat lente*. The sun, when it shines in October, is exactly right, entirely beneficent. You can take all it offers. It offers more than warmth and radiance. It offers colour, richer than in spring or summer, the "ancient tapestry" in brown and red, gold and russet, which will be a happy memory through the dark days of a sombre winter. A remarkable and unexpected *mi-carême*.

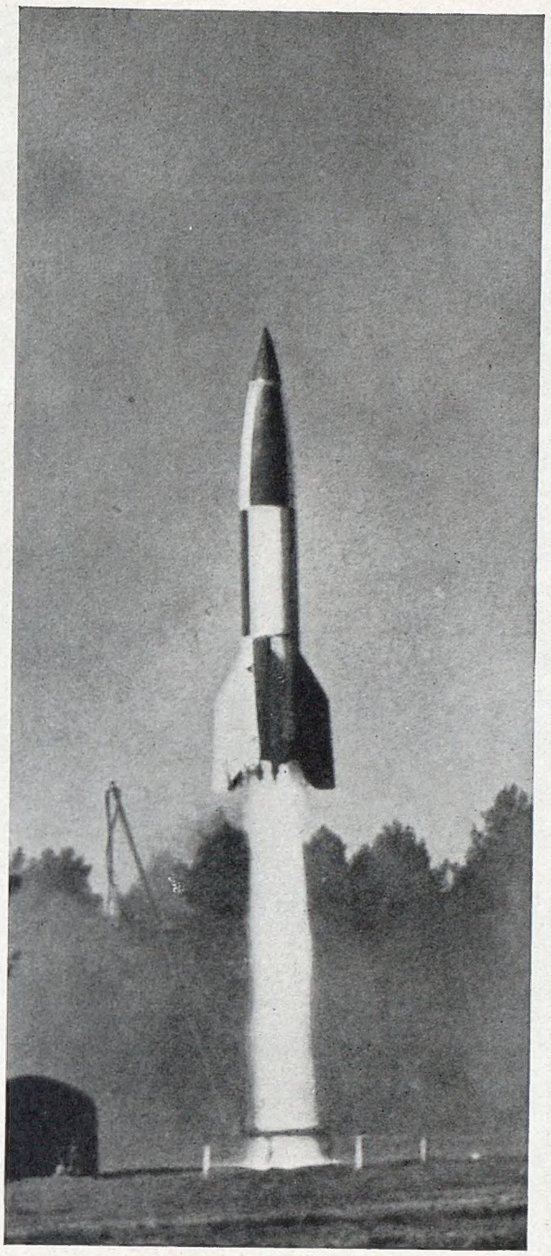
THE OLD STAGER

A VIEW OF THE ROCKET JUST PRIOR TO ITS TAKE-OFF : The launching site is set amidst woods, to protect the rocket from being affected by the wind

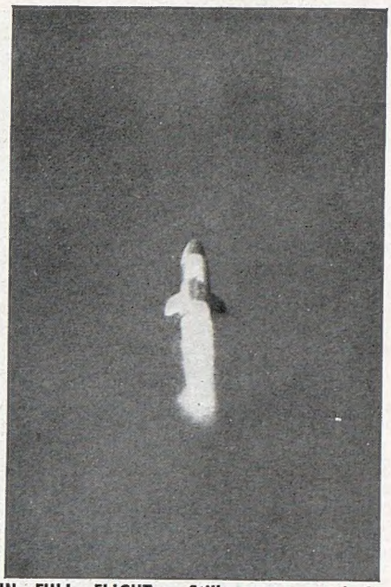
HOW THE V 2'S ARE FIRED

Pictures Taken During the Cuxhaven Experiments

After the decision was taken to fire rockets it was found that there were not available any complete V 2's. This meant that components of the rockets had to be found in whatever condition they were. Nearly all the components had been rejected by the Germans as scrap. Part of the German technique for firing the rockets consisted of using them within a few days of their being tested. They had discovered that if any long delay occurred in firing, the percentage of failures rose to as high as 40 per cent. Not only, therefore, were the British technicians dealing with an entirely new projectile, they were also dealing with faulty materials



AT THE BEGINNING OF ITS FLIGHT : The rocket is roaring up into the air practically straight. This is the most dangerous part of the firing operation



IN FULL FLIGHT : Still on a vertical course, the rocket later turned over to head out over the North Sea

THE VAPOUR TRAIL left behind after the rocket has disappeared from view at a colossal speed

Below—A ROCKET IN PROCESS OF ELEVATION : The firing cable can be seen at the rear. The elevating mechanism (two arms) can just be seen near the rear wheels

PLANNING THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH ARMY: HOME AND OVERSEAS COMMANDERS MEET AT THE CAMBERLEY STAFF COLLEGE to discuss the type of units required, the conditions of service, and the question of Conscription. The first meeting of the Commanders-in-Chief of Overseas Theatres and General Officers Commanding at Home was held at the Staff College last week. The meetings are to keep the Generals in touch with War Office policy and with the post-war organisation of the Army. The chairman is the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Lord Brooke. Three of those present—Field-Marshal Montgomery, Lieut.-General Sir Alan Cunningham and Lieut.-General Sir Neil Ritchie—are former Commanders of the Eighth Army. Amongst those seen in the picture above are, on the extreme left, Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, who presided; behind him, Lieut.-General Sir Kenneth Anderson, who was in command of the First Army in North Africa; third from left, Lieut.-General Sir John Swayne, Chief of General Staff, India; and Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery. In the close-up picture on the left, it will be seen that the last-named now wears eight rows of medal ribbons on his Service dress

The CAMBERLEY MEETI

GENERAL EISENHOW in HOLLAND

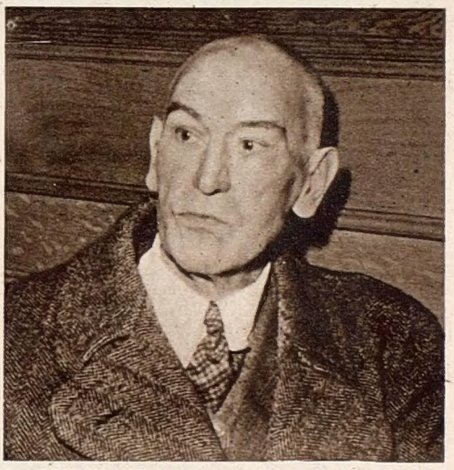
Trying the German War Crimina
Pictures from Berlin and Wiesb

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE TRIBUNAL FOR THE TRIAL OF THE GERMAN WAR CRIMINALS: THE FOUR JUDGES AND THEIR DEPUTIES MEET INFO IN THE GRAND CONFERENCE ROOM IN THE ALLIED CONTROL BUILDING IN BERLIN TO DISCUSS PROCEDURE

The members of the United Nations Tribunal for the trial of the major war criminals met informally in Berlin on October 9. The four judges and their deputies—Lord Justice Lawrence and Mr. Justice Birkett for Britain; M. Donnedieu de Vabre and M. Falcoz for France; General I. T. Nikichenko and Mr. A. F. Volchkov for the Soviet Union; and Mr. Francis Biddle and Judge Jackson for the United States—assembled in the large room at the former People's Court. Lord Justice Lawrence briefly announced that the assembled judges had met "to discuss certain procedural and administrative matters." The tribunal was ready now, he stated, "to receive the ind Besides settling the rules of procedure, the judges would probably decide the da opening of trials at Nuremberg, expected to be early in November. In this picture following, from left to right round table—M. Robert Falcoz (France); Judge Jackson M. Donnedieu de Vabre (France); the Hon. Francis Biddle (U.S.A.); Lord Justice (Great Britain); Major-General Nikichenko (U.S.S.R.); and Mr. Justice Birkett (Grea

NERAL EISENHOWER IN AMSTERDAM: AT THE RECEPTION HELD IN HIS HONOUR AT THE ROYAL PALACE, where he was presented with a Scroll of Honour by the Dutch. General Dwight Eisenhower made a whirlwind visit to the Netherlands on October 6, when the Dutch paid tribute to the man who, as Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Forces, freed their country from the Nazi oppression. At The Hague, he was greeted by Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands. In Amsterdam, he was presented with a Scroll of Honour, and later took part in wreath-laying and other ceremonies. Throughout his tour General Eisenhower travelled exclusively by train, as a tribute to the Dutch railwaymen who, prior to the liberation of Holland, maintained a series of strikes and generally upset the German transport plans

E OPENING OF THE HADAMAR ATROCITY TRIAL AT WIESBADEN, THE FIRST MASS TRIAL TO BE HELD IN THE AMERICAN ZONE OF OCCUPATION. The seven accused Germans in the dock: one of them is a woman. The Hadamar mass murder trial, the first mass atrocity trial to be held in the American Occupation Zone, began at Wiesbaden, Germany, on October 8. This is the first time that German civilians will be facing murder charges not involving American nationals. Six men and one woman are being tried for the murder of 500 Polish and Russian slave labourers at the Mental Institution of Hadamar, 40 miles from Frankfurt. Here are the prisoners: from left to right, front row—Dr. Adolf Wehlmann, chief doctor at the Institution, who is accused of directing the murder of the slave labourers by injections of poisonous scupolamine and morphine; Heinrich Ruoff, chief male nurse; Philipp Blum, undertaker at the Institution, described as being "the busiest man" at Hadamar, and responsible for the mass burials; second row, left to right—Karl Willig, assistant chief nurse; Adolf Merkle, Keeper of the Records, accused of falsifying death certificates; Irmgard Huber, chief female nurse; and Alfons Klein, Administrative Head of the Hadamar Institution. They are seen in the courtroom at Wiesbaden during the opening session of the trial



A CLOSE-UP OF DR. ADOLF WEHLMANN, chief doctor at Hadamar, accused of directing the murder of 500 slave labourers by the injection of poison

NURSE IRMGARD HUBER, chief female nurse, who is the one woman amongst the seven Germans accused of the Hadamar atrocities

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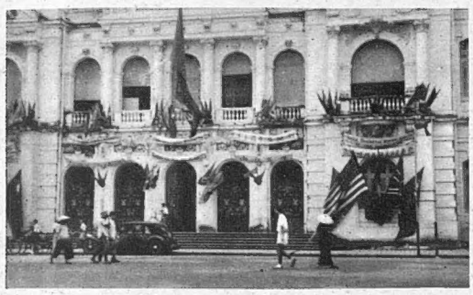
Allied flags—without the French—on the Town Hall in Saigon after its occupation by the "Vieth-Nun." The big red flag, with a yellow star in the centre, is the Annamite flag



Everywhere in the streets, banners and streamers bear the legend, "Down with the French, our oppressors"

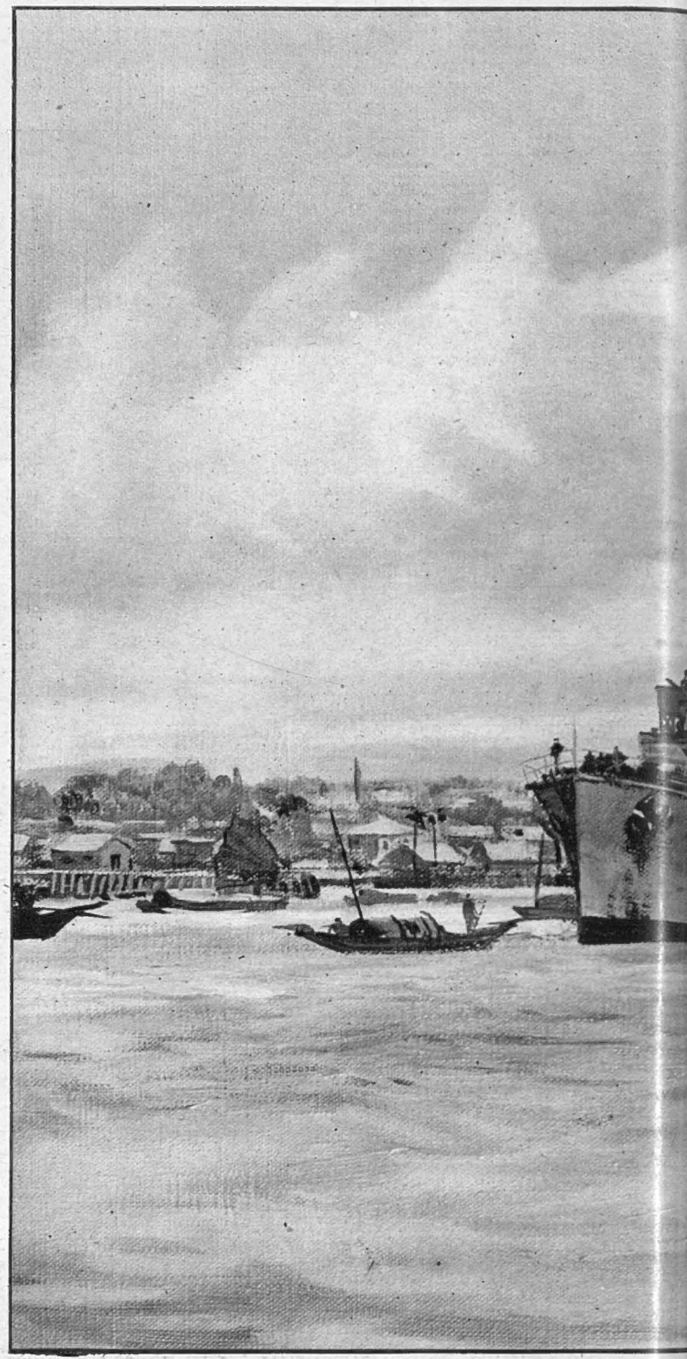
At SAIGON AND IN JAVA

Two Regions in which British Forces have been Involved

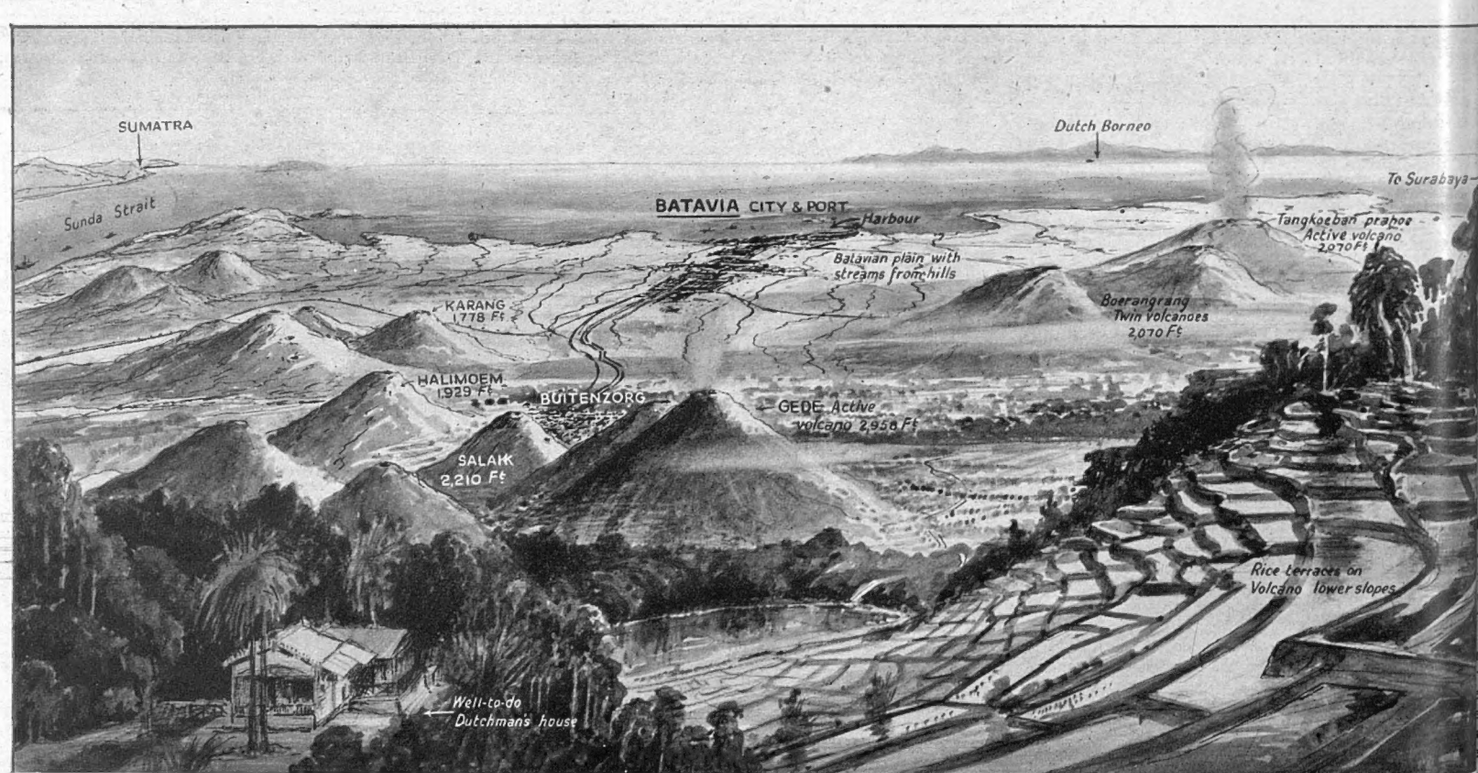
—Special Sphere Drawings

The slender forces which at first took over the control of Saigon, the capital of French Indo-China, have been gradually augmented. British naval craft have sailed up the broad Saigon River and have moored off the city, which lies to the left in the drawing by Mr. Dawson given here. The Annamite attempt to block the main stream by scuttling four ships, of a few hundred tons, and a pontoon ferry, does not appear to have materially hampered traffic in the river.

The frigate *Waveney* was the largest vessel of the British contingent to reach Saigon.

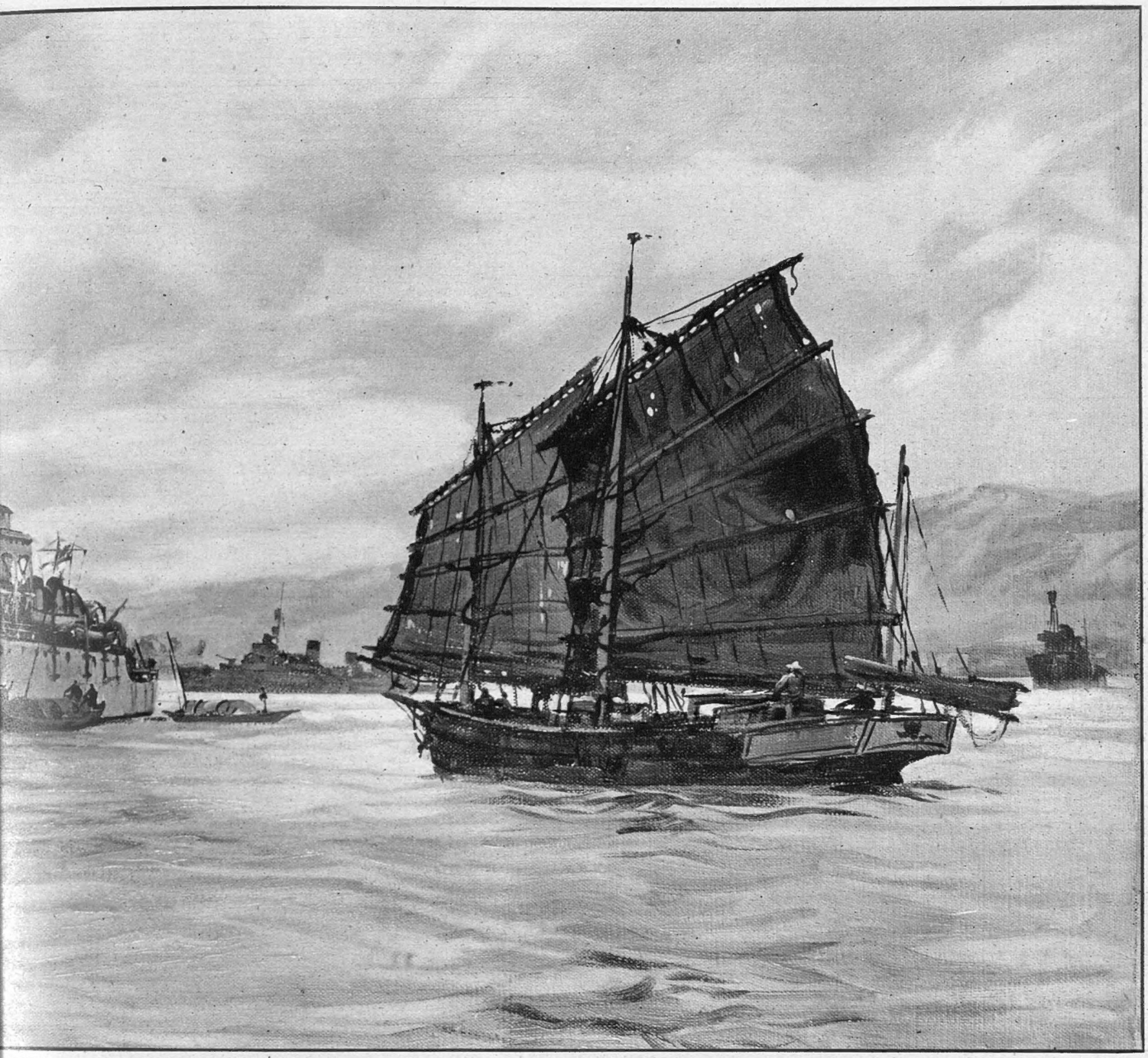


AFTER THE SAIGON PRISON HAD BEEN TAKEN OVER BY BRITISH TROOPS: The prisoners and the Annamese Civil Servants, all armed, are listening to Colonel Cass telling them that they must give up their arms and that order will be maintained by the Gurkhas. The Annamese showed no resistance and gave up revolvers and rifles. All this happened within ten minutes—and without incident



THE DUTCH EAST INDIES, WHERE THE "NATIONALIST" INSURGENTS HAVE CREATED A SERIOUS SITUATION IN JAVA: The west end of the great island, sh Batavia, the capital, and the country through which the insurgents are now roaming, and defying the Dutch in their demands for indepe

—Drawing by Percy Home (See note at right)



SCENE IN THE SAIGON RIVER, WHERE THE ANNAMESE HAVE BEEN IN REVOLT AGAINST THE FRENCH IN INDO-CHINA, and where British forces have been taking part in quelling the rebellion. The frigate "Waveney," which led a force of minesweepers and other ships of the British East Indies Fleet up the river to the capital, is depicted in this drawing: she is a vessel of 1,445 tons. Behind her is one of the Fleet minesweepers: on the right is one of the native Lorcha cargo boats, or junks, plying in the Saigon River (See note at left)—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

he land forces occupying Saigon were made up of British and n troops and a small French colonial force, which was being aug- d by 1,000 French soldiers from Madagascar with a squadron of ired cars and artillery. This augmentation of force, together with ritish offer of mediation, announced by General Gracey, brought a more tranquil attitude in the capital, which was succeeded later truce being proclaimed between the Annamese and the French.

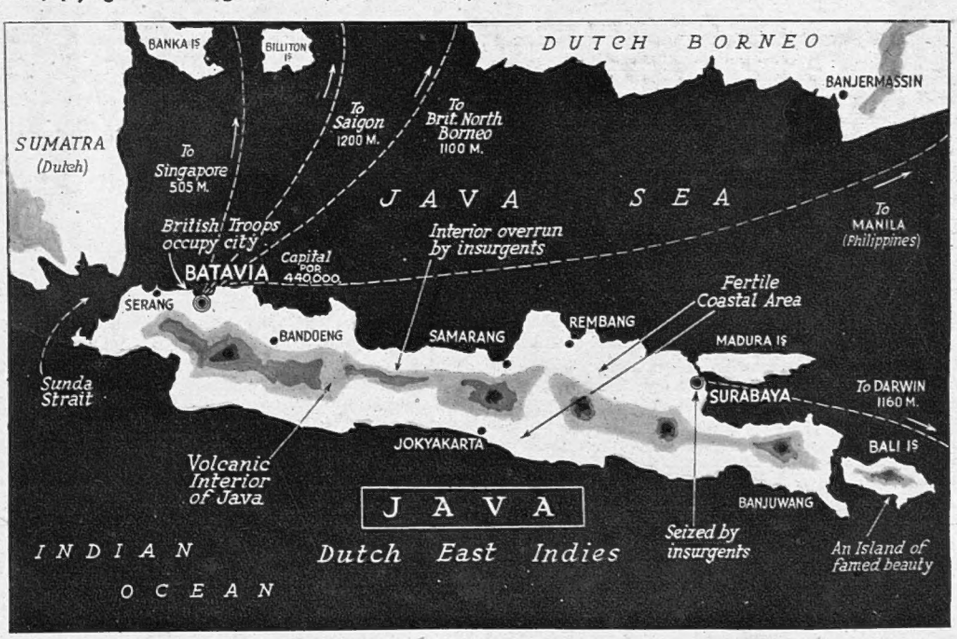
addition to the French troops from Madagascar, the 35,000-ton ship *Richelieu*, which was present at the Singapore surrender, and ght cruiser *Triomphant* are also at Saigon. At the same time, -General Gracey's 20th Indian Division is also being reinforced. eneral Leclerc, Commander of the French Far East Expeditionary s, who has been at Calcutta conferring with Admiral d'Argenlieu, nor-General of French Indo-China, is preparing to leave for Saigon y. He will represent the Governor-General in the southern part do-China.

REVOLT IN JAVA

en the surrender of Japan brought about a cessation of the war in the East Indies, there was an insufficiency of Allied troops to take he control of certain areas. One of these was the rich and normally erous island of Java. Local surrenders of the Japanese took place, ese forces had to continue in being for the purpose of policing land.

he leader of the local "Liberation Movement" proclaimed a republic isclaimed any idea of violence. With the lack of armed forces of llies, the situation rapidly deteriorated, and soon reports came of e of towns, notably Surabaya and Bandoeng; clashes with the ese; and attacks on the Dutch and Eurasians. Some mobile weapons een seized, and armed bands of insurgents were reported to be ing through the countryside.

his is of very varied character, as may be seen in the drawing on the The northern coastal plain on which Batavia, the capital, stands is y and intersected by numerous rivers flowing from the volcanic which form a spinal backbone running the whole length of the island. of these peaks are active volcanoes from 2,000 to 3,000 ft. in height.



THE ISLAND OF JAVA, showing its backbone of volcanic mountains and the areas seized by the insurgents in their revolt against the Dutch

Rice-fields give place to dense woodland and jungle. Batavia itself, with its inland residential quarters, was being held by British forces which were compelled to land to preserve order until Dutch troops could arrive. Some 6,500 are on the way from England. The main road leads south from Batavia to Buitzorg, a typical inland town with a superb view of the surrounding forest and the northern plain.

b2

FRENCH and GERMAN WOMEN TAKE A HAND

How They are Influencing the Post-War Destinies of Their Countries

Described by FERDINAND TUOHY

NEARLY half-way through it, America's Mr. Wallace declared that this would be known as the century of the common man. Had he held his forecast another two years, he wouldn't have made it. For, of course—should it come to the last historian writing on a South Sea atoll stripped of its coconut-trees—it will be the century of the atom.

But I've been thinking that without the atom Mr. Wallace's prediction would have been open to challenge, that the twentieth century has been, and increasingly will be, the century of the common woman. (It's a pity about that word "common" and in French it sounds better: "*Le siècle de la femme moyenne.*") People fifty years old have only to glance back at the part women played in affairs in their childhood, and then to compare the position being taken by women in the world to-day.

I hold that their steady pulling-up on men—I did not say overhauling—has set a unique stamp on this century so far, and that if, during its balance, the common man is supremely lucky enough to escape being atomised, it will not be he, but the common woman, simply by the novel impact of her, who will leave the bigger mark in the reshuffle of

IN FRANCE, the women are working in the vineyards: A grape-picker in the village of Verxenay, near Rheims. The French, out to gain what they lost during the war as far as producing their world-famous champagne is concerned, are busy harvesting an abundant crop of grapes to keep the wine-makers supplied in the champagne country of North-Eastern France

human rights and opportunity. You, over in England, should not quickly say: "Nonsense! He must have been mixing with intelligent, practical women." For you already have the first ca'canny of the cradle, a revolt on behalf of unborn angels, made by coolly reckoning average women of the queues, which could alter the demographic lay-out of the country and, in so doing, reduce our future demands on other peoples. If the active women of the United Kingdom aim at quality in the race, before quantity, the trend of latter-day progress would appear to back them up. Quality suits the age—take "The Few." The idea that one must be prolific to defend one's share is more than ever nonsense since 80,000 were killed by a single contraption weighing a fortnight's meat ration.

Cross to the Continent and you will see the same thing happening—women taking a hand. The very fact that women have to tend so much damaged manhood, returned to them in various degrees of physical, mental and moral injury, dresses them with a new force and authority. But the basic problem of war has taken a decisive economic turn which is more up women's "street" than political argument at the corner of it. Women may not grasp world economics any more than men (that would be easy), but their province—home, food, children, life—has been promoted to our closest attention, and that the broken contemporary world is a product of the rule of men alone reinforces women's position.

That the idea of men alone conducting human affairs no longer enjoys the credit it once had is evident enough in France, where Frenchwomen are on the point of voting in a General Election for the first time in their history. The saying that a Frenchwoman influenced her man in the home and, therefore, didn't need a vote simply wore itself out—it became as frayed as the reputations and records of the politicians of the Third Republic. Yet Marianne took a long time to discover that it was a male invention; in fact, it took two wars and De Gaulle's Asquithian vouchsafing of the franchise to wake her up to her opportunities. The original forecast that Frenchwomen would prove too flippant to bother themselves about politics has been entirely contradicted. They polled more votes than men at the municipal elections and the same thing will almost certainly be repeated on October 21. Difficulties of transport have kept down attendances at meetings, but the Frenchwoman knows how she is going to vote. Overwhelmingly, she will choose one of these three ballot-boxes: Socialist, Communist, and the new party of the Catholic Left, smiled on by De Gaulle; and the volume of her suffrages are likely to go in that order. That Marianne will dive to the Left in her baptismal plunge is a foregone conclusion, yet the outright Gaullist, and many Socialist women voters, will exercise a restraining pull towards the centre.

Hopes are high of well over a score of Mesdames and Mademoiselles in Parliament, though should numbers be less, that will not prevent the new Assembly, which is to found and shape the Fourth Republic, from being, during its short life, deeply impregnated by *how women feel about things*.

Meanwhile, the chief channel of expression has been the Union of French Women, founded on the Resistance Movement and predominantly Socialist and Communist. But very many women less "Left" in outlook are attracted, for there are two common bonds that draw the 3,000,000 members together: determination to safeguard the inheritance of their children, and belief in themselves. This new-found belief, the Union feels, is bringing about a revolution in the position of women all over the Continent. So a conference is to convene in Paris at the end of November to take soundings with a view to launching yet another "international."

IN BERLIN, the first—and only—woman Mayor—Frau Ellen Kuntz in the Rathaus of Schoneberg-Friedenau. She is forty-seven years of age and has been elected Deputy Mayor of that borough. Her husband died in Buchenwald in April 1945 after twelve years' imprisonment. Her son, aged nineteen, is in British hands as a prisoner of war. Frau Kuntz is a member of the Communist Party, and her work concerns the social and medical welfare of the women in her borough

Democratically-minded women are not, however, the only ones of their species currently to have belief in themselves, and though she is utterly unlikely to be heard in Paris (rather her non-Aryan "sister" out of a concentration camp), the young German woman is taking a hand too. Those who have studied her at close range have been struck by the remarkable role she has chosen to enact in German affairs. It isn't stressed and shoved forward, as in other Continental countries, but she, also, is set upon protecting the inheritance of her children, and the way she is going about it is to "stand in" for her belaboured and scattered menfolk.

She will hold the fort until the German male again emerges partly from a mending of present casualties, partly from a new growth of youth. Such is her self-set mission, or I am very much mistaken. For my part, when in Germany I even get the "feel" of a gigantic secret understanding or conspiracy between nearly all of both sexes, absent or present, who came through their teens under Hitler, and among many of their seniors too.

It is as if absent, present and returning German males have said to females of the years of appeal (say, sixteen to forty): "Go ahead and sap the Occupation every way you can. Spy on them, hoodwink them, confuse them and propagand them! Convert them—that will be your crowning triumph! If it means giving yourselves, we not only understand but honour you for making the sacrifice for Germany." And if you decide that I am letting my Irish imagination have a fling, pray recollect the sexual looseness and promiscuity that informed the Hitler Youth and Maidens together with the indoctrination of the means justifying the end—any means.

I have seen these "Führer-brides" of a bygone day described as Amazons, and it does tell something of the fine, free-striding physique and glowing health that so many young German women still can show as a consequence of their having been brought up on the fat of the land, as so much breeding stock.

Already their so-called "victories" are being enumerated and, first and foremost, how they have won the "fratting" battle all along the line, which I think they have, thanks to an inhibited footling around on our part. Now German women are laughing as we tie ourselves in knots over whether to billet in their houses, whether to make a social call, whether to ask their hands in marriage. I fully believe that the German answer being held in reserve for all this kind of thing, the "no association," *Kein Verkehr* general instruction, would have already gone out but for the useful results being won by the women in the British and American zones.

On the other hand, the feminine situation in the British Zone has been over-written, if you take what has happened farther south. Where "Fraulein's" conspiracy has really made headway, where it has really been delivering the goods, is in the American Zone. A friend just come in from those parts—an American woman—has this quip: "Guess our boys are mesmerised by Bavarian plumbing, motorways and girls." And she went on to tell how saucy the German girls were becoming, and some of the men too, those taken on in military messes and the like. The great prize is to get taken on in a Military Government office, and that happens also where "Fraulein" is attractive and consoling, no matter what her antecedents.

What a misfortune that the American Army should be so girl-struck. Can it be a development due to prolonged absorption in "Pin-up" pictures? Anyway, there it is, and "Fraulein" has been profiting more tellingly than ever she dreamt of doing in so short a while. She has belief in herself all right. And in her self-set mission. She knows what she is about. The best antidote I can think of for the U.S. Zone would be the shipment from New York of a thousand Manhattan *Merveilleuses* vibrating with oomph and bang, veritable Queen Bees of appeal, commanding obeisance in the way of Yankee girls Betty Huttonish, knocking awe into G.I.s and their seniors alike. Trust the Manhattan Maidens every time to push these German dames out of the way!

Shipping space has been spared for cargoes far less needed.

IN STOCKHOLM, the women have a choice of—everything: A window display calculated to make the average British housewife swoon—lemons, Gruyère, Stilton, Gorgonzola and Dutch cheeses, anchovies and sardines (not on points) and no queues! In *The Sphere* of September 29, Mr. Tuohy emphasised the help which the unscathed neutral countries of Europe could furnish to their war-torn and hungry neighbours

The TAIL-LESS MANX

A New Experimental Aircraft Undergoes its Tests at Radlett

Another unconventional tail-less plane has just been built. It is the Handley-Page Manx, constructed for special flight-research tests. It is a two-seater aircraft powered with two 140 h.p. engines, each driving a pusher propeller fitted behind the engine. The Manx in flight looks like a bird, with its wing span more than twice the length of the fuselage. The wings are swept back sharply, with rudders—which move in an outboard direction only—mounted on the wing-tips: the ailerons also act as elevators and are known as elevons; the engines are installed in the wings and drive the pusher propellers through extension shafts. Cruising speed is 150 m.p.h., and the ceiling is about 15,000 ft. It is thought that the Manx design lends itself to the new jet-propulsion principle

A REAR VIEW OF THE NEW HANDLEY-PAGE EXPERIMENTAL PLANE: There is no tailplane, the rudders being fitted to the wing-tips. The two engines drive pusher propellers

THE ROUND, CHUBBY BODY OF THE MANX: The extreme tip of the tail hinges up to allow the passenger to enter from the rear. Cruising speed of the plane is 150 m.p.h.

A VIEW FROM THE SIDE, showing the pilot's cockpit and, at the back, the passenger's compartment. The passenger sits with his back to the pilot

A COMPARISON IN SIZE: The new Manx compared with a Halifax bomber. The wing span of the former is 40 ft., that of the Halifax is 104 ft. The Manx is a scaled-down model of a large "Flying Wing" type which Handley-Page Ltd. are to develop

THE REAR PORTION OF THE MANX CABIN IS LIFTED to allow the passenger to enter. Note the tricycle type of undercarriage

SCENES in HONG KONG and SINGAPORE

As Allied Forces Take Over from the Japs

HOW THE NAVY TOOK THE R.A.F. TO HONG KONG: Spitfires line on the flight-deck of H.M.S. "Smiter" as the escort c enters the harbour. No. 132 Squadron—known as the Be Squadron—was the first R.A.F. Squadron to arrive in the Far East equipped with Mark XIV. Spitfires, and will be responsible for t defence of Hong Kong. The R.A.F. took to the sea for their journ Hong Kong, and the Bombay Squadron arrived at its destination a H.M.S. *Smiter*, one of the Royal Navy's escort carriers.

CHIEF OF THE JAPANESE NAVY: Admiral Shigstaro Shimada, former Navy Minister, after his arrest near Tokyo. He was taken from his residence for questioning

TO PREVENT A DASH FOR LIBERTY: Colonel Takunda, the "Fat Near-White Pig," as he was known to prisoners of war, en route to a jail in Hong Kong—minus braces!

"INFLATION" AT WORK AMONG THE RICKSHAW DRIVERS OF TOKYO: A Chicago war correspondent, Mr. Bob Cromie, learns from a Japanese rickshaw coolie that prices have already been doubled in the Japanese capital. A ride which formerly cost half a crown is now twice that sum

JAPANESE SOLDIERS ARE SEARCHED FOR LOOT AT SINGAPORE: An soldier is here throwing a Japanese soldier's shirt to one side, wh sullen-faced Jap looks on in silence. A thorough search of the pri baggage is made for looted articles, which are later sorted and distrib the needy inhabitants of Singapore

See drawing below—

With the raising of the British flag once again over the city of Singapore, which still gleams white against its background of rubber-trees and Malayan jungle, the life-blood of finance and commerce is flowing again. British authority is gradually spreading to every part of the island, and intimate relations are again being set up with the adjacent Malay States. Although the city was subjected to Japanese bombing from time to time, the amount of visible damage is very small. The official buildings and the great palaces of commerce and finance do not appear to have suffered. Their gleaming, pillared fronts are still reflected in the shimmering waters of the famous harbour. Thousands of British clerks and bank officials are again occupying the premises of firms and banks which had a wide reputation before the war

Drawing on right—

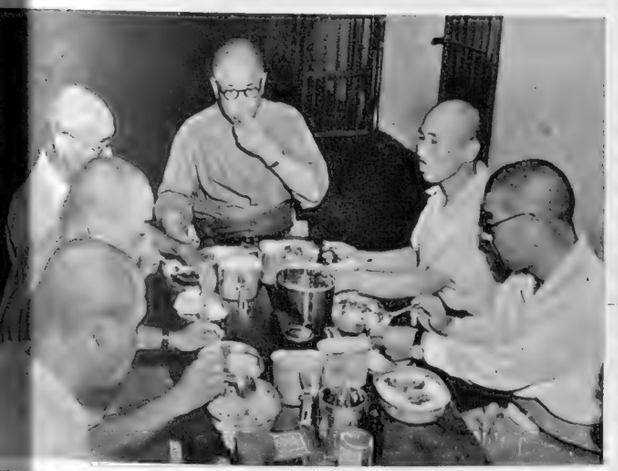
The Navy is also there in considerable force. The vessels of the planned S.E.A.C. invasion sailed into the harbour, and their presence gives the welcome display of British power to observant Oriental eyes. The naval parties which have been landed have many tasks in front of them, but if the sumptuous naval barracks and Club, which had been completed shortly before the attack upon Malaya, are still functioning, their lot, even in the sticky climate of Singapore, will not be too severe a one. There is much work to be done at the various naval gun-sites and at the dockyard

THE NAVY RETURNS TO SINGAPORE IN FORCE: A scene on one of the docksides, as the crew of a destroyer "clean up" and barter with native traders against a background of junks and other native craft—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

With Singapore again occupied by the British, many a youngster of the Navy will be experiencing something approaching life on "the China Station," with its interesting sights, sounds—and smells! This drawing shows a British destroyer alongside a wharf, with the bluejackets getting ready for shore leave. One, possibly mistrusting the ship's barber, is having a Chinese hair-cut, while another waits his turn. Others bargain with a native pedlar, and an interested group watch from the forecastle. All are wearing the white shorts which is now the Navy's hot-weather rig. In the background is a junk with untidy matting sails and, nearer, one of the thousands of sampans that crowd the harbour

BACK TO PRE-WAR CONDITIONS IN THE CITY OF SINGAPORE: The staffs of the banks and business houses are returning, and five banks have already resumed business. The big buildings are undamaged, and cinemas and restaurants are getting back to normal (See note above)—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

THE NAVY GOES SIGHTSEEING IN SINGAPORE: The vehicle is called a "taxicle"; it carries two and is propelled by a hard-working cyclist. The children are in quest of "nutty," or chocolate, which is in great demand



DINING WITH A "TIGER" IN THE PHILIPPINES: General Yamashita was once known as the "Tiger of Malaya," because of his "triumphs" during the taking of the Malay Peninsula, including the fortress of Singapore, in the early days of the war. Here he is seen in the Bilibid Prison, near Manila, in the Philippines, with other caged Jap Generals. They are eating noodles and vegetable soup—poor fare for a tiger! Yamashita is at the head of the table. On his left are Major-General Utsunomya and Lieut.-General Muto, Yamashita's Chief of Staff. Vice-Admiral Okochi is on Yamashita's right

FIRST SIGHT OF SINGAPORE AFTER YEARS OF ABSENCE: As the British moved in, the Japs moved out—to Johore, by way of the famous Causeway. This is how the city looked as the Fifth Indian Division marched in for the reoccupation

The V-WEAPONS of the GERMANS and Other Flying Pictures of the Week

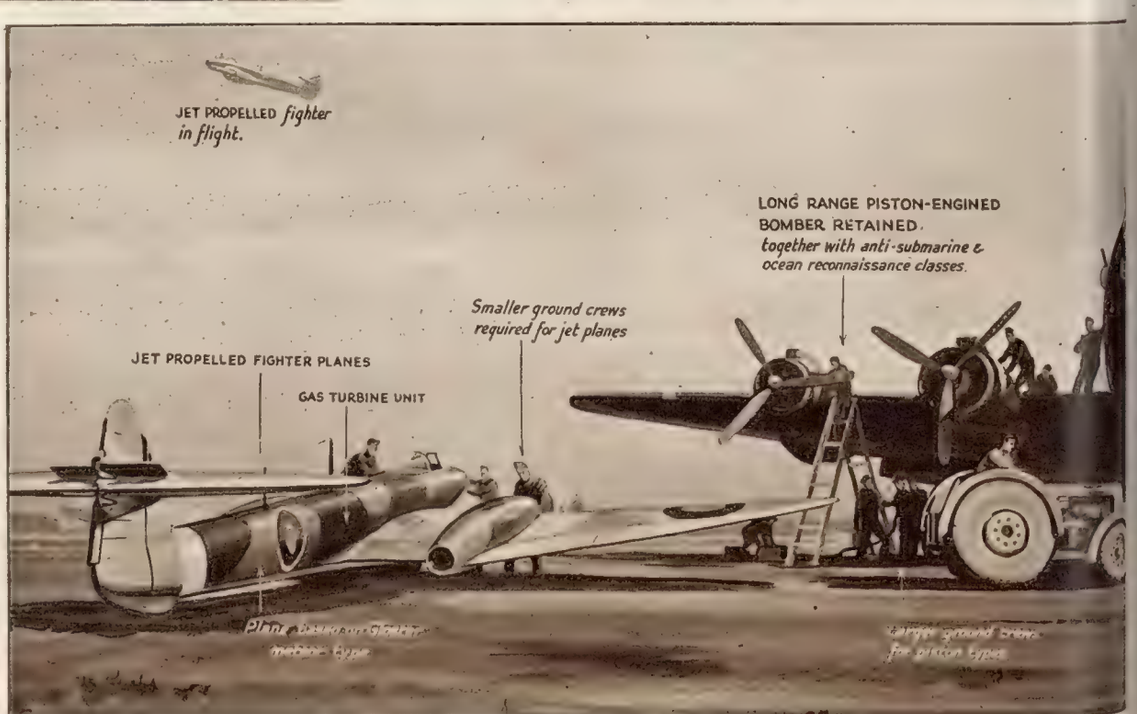
A QUITE IMAGINARY DRAWING OF A GIANT V 2 LANDING IN A LONDON STREET: This is what the spectator *would* have seen had the speed of the projectile not been so terrific. It is now known that—in one factory alone—the Germans were turning out these missiles at the rate of 1,000 a month, despite our bombing. The huge outer casing has been so designed that the steel pressings were assembled together in one big jig and then electrically welded, "with one great flash," in a single foolproof operation. The V 1 flying bomb was abandoned by the Germans towards the end of the war to concentrate on the V 2 and to perfect the Nazi plan for the revolutionising of air warfare—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

***On right*—**

In the final stages of the war, t Germans had perfected a number weapons with which to combat t growing menace of the Allie bomber. One of the most importa of these was the Schmetterling, " Butterfly," shown in a drawing a Sphere artist reproduced her The "Butterfly" was describ recently by Sir Roy Fedder: It we he said, a rocket missile to be fir from the ground, to defend very i portant targets against our bombe It was beautifully shaped, with sharp swept-back wings of about 7 ft. spa and had a speed of from 560 to 6 m.p.h. It was controlled initially b radio, but was being developed w an acoustic "ear" and photo-elec "eye," which would enable it t follow and strike down the bomb automatically once ground cont had guided it into the vicinity of t attacking formations. The rock motor weighed a mere 350 lb., to less than sixty hours to make, a cost about 500 marks; but for a sh period it gave a thrust greater th the most powerful aero-engine jet-propulsion unit in production day, and it was said to be effect up to 30,000 ft. It was report to be in production at the rate 1,000 a month—at one factory al

THE FIRST AMERICAN SUPER-FORTRESS TO COME TO ENGLAND landing at Bovingdon A field, in Hertfordshire, after making its flight across London: It was flown ov the Atlantic from the United States and came to England at the invitation o the Air Ministry. (See also second picture on facing page)

THE "SEA MOSQUITO" CARRIES RADAR IN ITS NOSE: This aircraft is a torpedo-bomber which can also be used for limited reconnaissance work. The chief difference between the R.A.F. Mosquito and the naval version consists of folding wings, arresting gear and a specialised Radar equipment. The four ·303 guns previously situated in the nose have been dispensed with to make room for this special equipment. The gun armament is therefore confined to four 20-mm. Hispano guns in the fuselage. The plane can carry bombs up to the total of 2,000 lb., rockets or torpedoes.



***On right*—THE AERODROME OF THE FUTURE: The jet-propelled fighter and the four-engined heavy bomber**—*Drawing by Roland Davies.* The developments in jet propulsion during the past few months have been described as "staggering." On the aerodromes of the future, it is probable that the two surviving types of warplanes will consist of smaller jet-propelled fighters and bigger four-engined bombers. For the former, smaller ground crews will be needed for maintenance; but on the latter it will still be necessary to employ a great number of men for the maintenance of the piston-type engines. The jet-propelled fighter will be cheaper to make and maintain; it will be much faster and with a greatly enhanced ceiling. The big bomber, on the other hand, will probably be retained for long-range flights such as the jet plane cannot yet undertake, and for anti-submarine and ocean reconnaissance

THIS IS THE SCHMETTERLING, OR "BUTTERFLY"—THE V 3 WEAPON WHICH THE GERMANS WERE WORKING ON AT THE END OF THE WAR: It was a rocket missile to be fired from the ground to defend important targets in Germany against Allied bombers. It was to follow and strike down the bombers automatically whilst still in the air, by means of an acoustic "ear" and radio "eye"—*Drawing by Roland Davies* (See note at left)

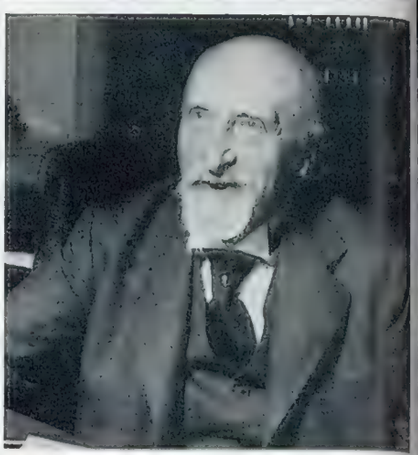
THE NOSE OF THE BIG U.S. SUPER-FORTRESS: This is one of the type which bombed Tokyo and other Japanese bases. It made a series of demonstration flights over London last week and then remained on exhibition at Bovingdon for four days. The Super-Fortress flew the Atlantic from Newfoundland to Paris in one hop, and then came on to England with an American crew with a long record of bombing achievements

GIANT U.S. PLANES FOR A NEW SUPER-PASSENGER SERVICE: Four of America's major commercial air lines have just announced that they will soon acquire fleets of Lockheed Constellation planes, the largest and fastest land plane now in service, for new scheduled flights, including a 10-hour service from coast to coast and an 11-hour service between New York and London. The new planes will carry from 43 to 51 passengers at speeds of 340 miles per hour. Here are some of the new Constellations to be used in these transcontinental and transocean flights

C

Recent NEWS-PICTURES from GERMANY

CONGESTION ON THE OVERTAXED RAILWAY SYSTEM : The scene on a train running from Hanover to Hamburg. With railway rolling stock down to practically nil, owing to R.A.F. bombing in the last stages of the war, the German public find it very hard indeed when they have to travel by rail. Any old trucks, any decrepit battered locomotives are used. Old and young alike have to face the autumn weather in open goods and cattle trucks ; journeys which used to last a few hours now take several days. These "lucky" people managed to get places on the steps and platforms of the few passenger carriages running between Hanover and Hamburg. Most passengers, however, do not even travel in this comparatively luxurious style



THE LEADER OF AUSTRIA'S SOCIAL DEMOCRATS: Karl Seitz, former Burgomeister of Vienna. The most popular figure in the whole of Austria to-d is the former Burgomaster. To-day, he can look b upon a lifetime of political activity as Member of t Austrian Parliament under the Monarchy before t last war, as President of the Austrian Republic after t collapse of the Hapsburg Empire, and then for ma years the first citizen of Vienna. Karl Seitz was i prisoned by the Gestapo after the attempt on Hitl life in July 1944, was taken to Berlin and then to t concentration camp in Mecklenburg. He returne Vienna after the Red Army had driven the Nazis fr the city. He is now President of the Social Democr

IN BERLIN TO PREPARE FOR THE FORTHCOMING WAR CRIMINAL TRIALS AT NUREMBERG : The Attorney-General, Sir Hartley Shawcross, Chief British Prosecutor in the Nuremberg trial (on left), showing correspondents a copy of the indictment during a Press conference in Berlin. On his left is Sir Maxwell Fyfe, Deputy Chairman of the British War Crimes Executive. The document runs into 18,000 words—forty-three pages of closely-typed foolscap sheets

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE ALLIED COUNCIL FOR AUSTRIA : The representatives w attended on behalf of the Allied Nations. The first meeting of the Allied Council f Austria was held on September 11 at the Imperial Hotel in Vienna. Here representatives of A Nations discussed the future of the country they were jointly occupying. In the centre is Gen Mark W. Clark, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Forces in Austria, with Major-Gen Alfred M. Gruenther, Deputy Commanding General, U.S.F.A., on his right ; and John G. Erhar Political Adviser to General Clark, on his left. At the extreme right is Colonel-General Al Zheltov, Deputy Commander of the Russian Occupation Forces in Austria

RESTORING BERLIN'S SHATTERED TRANSPORT—an underground train is visible through the bomb craters : Berlin's transport system, battered to a complete stop in the last days of the Battle for Berlin, is now making rapid strides in restoration, under the direction of Colonel Eric Horabin, of the Control Commission, and Major Henry F. Adcock, of the British Military Government (and formerly of the London Passenger Transport Board). There are many bomb-craters in the streets of Berlin through which can be seen the railway lines. Here an underground train is visible, with an advertisement of a toothpaste on one of its coaches

BOMB DAMAGE PREVENTS THESE BERLINERS FROM TRAVELLING ANY FURTHER ON TH UNDERGROUND ; so the passengers stream out of the train to continue the journey on the surface by bus or tram

PART OF THE ALLIED OCCUPATION FORCES IN GERMANY : This array of Flying Fortresses comprises 350 of the big bombers. They are only a part of the aircraft based in the U.S. zones. The Fortresses were flown over from England, where they had been stationed for bombing purposes during the war, to take over occupational duties in the Reich

A PRESS INTERVIEW WITH "HITLER'S FRIEND," FRAU MARIA DREESEN, AT HERFORD : During the course of this, she declared her belief that both Hitler and Eva Braun were dead. Frau Maria Dreesen, the sixty-one-year-old woman who was a close friend of Hitler and of Eva Braun, and who is reported to have been Hitler's nurse, firmly believes that he is dead. "He would prefer to be dead," she said, when she gave an interview to war correspondents at Herford, Germany, "than to be an Allied prisoner. He would not have survived the shame." Frau Dreesen is the widow of the owner of the hotel at Bad Godesberg where Hitler met Mr. Chamberlain in September 1938, and where Hitler had often stayed. She told the war correspondents how Hitler, although he was a teetotaller, had drunk champagne at the wedding of Eva Braun's sister, on the eve of D-Day. The reason for his high spirits, she said, was that the Allied invasion, expected that day, had not taken place, and Hitler may have believed that the danger was over. Next day the invasion took place, and Hitler left the Berghof half an hour later than he had planned. "It was the first time," Frau Dreesen said, "that I had ever seen him late." A special suite was reserved in Frau Dreesen's hotel for Hitler, and Eva Braun had also stayed there on two occasions, in another suite

STREET SCENE IN NUREMBERG : A small shack set up amidst the rubble. This city was one of the most Nazi of all : it is here, therefore, that the forthcoming trial of German war criminals is to be held. To replace the many stores destroyed by bombing, shacks like this have been established at various points. What they have to sell is lettered on the side of the stall

COMMUNIST HEADQUARTERS IN BERLIN : This building is located in the Jewish sector of the city and still bears scars of battle. Each day, newspaper sheets are pinned up on the wall for residents to read. The Communist Party is now a "legal" political party in Berlin—where once its activities were absolutely banned

On right

Ten thousand church bells are lying in the Zinnwerke Smelting Yard in the Hamburg docks, waiting to be sorted out by the Monuments and Fine Arts Branch of the Allied Military Governments. These bells were collected from all over Europe by the Germans in their search for copper and bronze for armaments. One thousand four hundred have been identified as having been taken from Belgium alone. Seven hundred of these have already been returned to Belgium, and nearly another 700 are being sent back to Holland

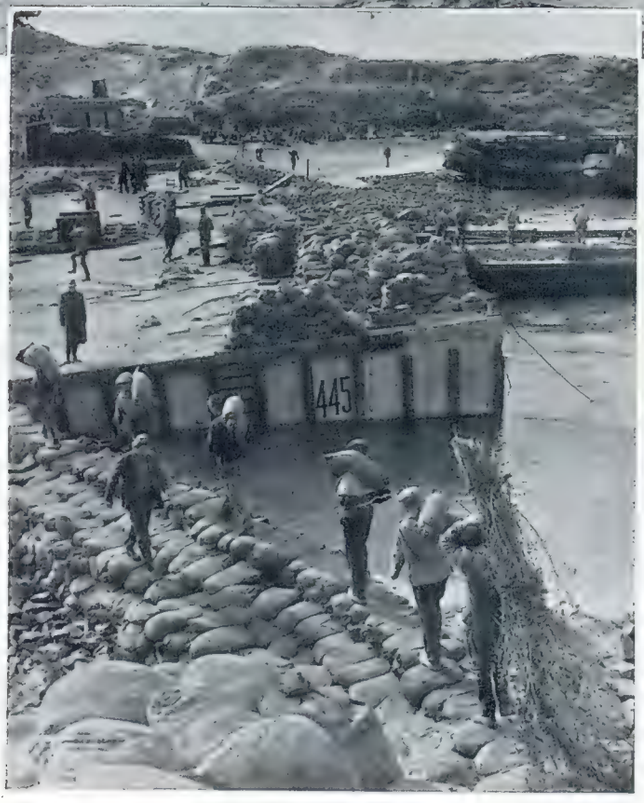
TEN THOUSAND CHURCH BELLS IN A SMELTING YARD IN THE HAMBURG DOCKS : They come from all parts of Europe, and are now awaiting repatriation by the Allied Military Government

HOW THE DYKES ARE BEING CLOSED ON WALCHEREN, BY MEANS OF MATERIAL FROM "MULBERRY" HARBOURS: Here one of the breaches has almost been repaired. The sea lies to the left: the flood-water on the right stretches for miles inland. Many months of pumping will be needed, after the wall has been closed, to free the land

REPAIRING the RAVAGES of WAR

In Warsaw and on Walcheren Island

From Holland comes this series of three pictures showing how the breached dykes of Walcheren Island are being rebuilt. Great gaps were torn in them, loosing torrents from the sea into the fields and practically "sinking" the island before the British attack was launched a year ago. To-day, with the aid of equipment from the British "Mulberrys," Dutch engineers and workers are rebuilding the sea-walls—the first most vital task in the reconstruction of this part of Holland



On left—Dutch workmen carry sand-bags to close one of the breaches at Walcheren: When the dykes are restored, work will begin on an outer sea-wall in which "Mulberry" sections will be joined together

IN WARSAW, workmen on top of a mobile repair unit put up a trolley-bus line, as life begins to stir in the heavily-damaged capital of Poland

THROUGH THE LAST FEW YARDS OF A BREAK IN THE WALCHEREN DYKES, RUSHES THE SEA IN A GREAT FLOOD—and the tide is still rising, sending in thousands of tons of sea-water into the flooded island. But, before the next high tide, this gap had been sealed by the laying down of sandbags and other suitable material by the Dutch workers

THESE ARE SOME OF THE TASKS WHICH FACE THE CIVILIAN POPULATION IN WARSAW TO-DAY: *On left*—Three Polish workmen hack down the remaining walls of a blast-shattered building in the city; *On right*—Other workmen load debris into a horse-drawn vehicle for removal from the streets so that the work of reconstruction may begin in the Polish capital

WORKING AMIDST THE DEBRIS, a new shopfront is fitted to a store in Warsaw out of emergency materials

A SCENE NEAR THE FORMER AMERICAN EMBASSY: Debris which was piled up to form a barricade during the revolt against the Germans

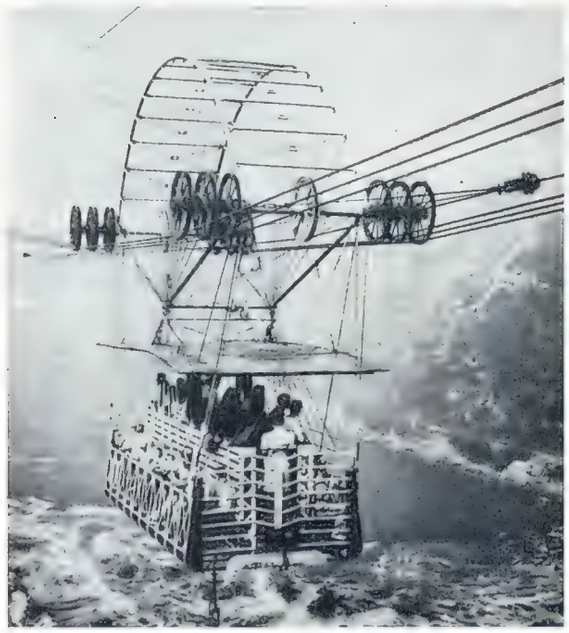
Only a shattered shell remains to-day of the once-beautiful city of Warsaw, capital of Poland. Hardly a building escaped damage during the severe bombardments from the air and by land in the early days of the war, and, later, when the Russians were approaching the city from the east. Warsaw suffered, too, when the population rose in revolt as the Red Army came nearer, erected barricades in the streets, and suffered dynamiting and further bombardment at the hands of the Germans. The "Piccadilly" of Warsaw, Marzalkoska Street, is a mass of rubble and debris: even the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier was dynamited by the enemy. It is estimated that hundreds of bodies lie beneath the stones of this gallant city, which was finally fired by the Germans when they left. It is only during recent weeks that the Poles have been able to get down to the work of clearing the debris which for so long has littered the streets. On all hands workmen are now pulling down the dangerous structures in readiness for rebuilding

THE AMERICAN SCENE

Recent Pictures from the United States.

MERCHANTMEN ARE ALREADY BEING PLACED ON THE "RETIRED LIST": These vessels are the first of dreds of "war-weary" cargo-ships to be assigned to the Reserve Fleet. They are seen at their anch in the James River, near Norfolk, in Virginia. Most of them are Liberty ships built during the wa over-age pre-war vessels. They will remain idle until the United States Government decides wheth retain or scrap them. Many ships which performed vital services during the 1914-18 War also found a resting-place at this spot before eventually being broken up

RETURN TO AMERICA: Captain Fritz Wildemann was the former German Consul in San Francisco: he was a close personal friend of Hitler, and his former commanding officer in the 1914-18 War. After arrest in China when the Japs surrendered, he was taken to Manila, and thence to Washington, in an aircraft of Air Transport Command. Here he is seen in custody on arrival in the American capital



NIAGARA IS AGAIN HUMMING WITH HONEYMOON COUPLES: With the number of marriages in the United States mounting rapidly as more and more soldiers return from overseas to the girls they left behind them, the number of visitors to that most famous of all honeymoon spots in the U.S.A., the Niagara Falls, is growing rapidly. One of the "not-to-be-missed" things is a ride in this cable-car high over the Falls, the whirlpool and the rapids, far below. Niagara is again reaching its old-time popularity

HOW ONE DISTRICT OF NEW YORK CITY WAS AFFECTED BY THE RECENT STRIKE OF LIFTMEN: unusual view was taken looking down Seventh Avenue, between 37th and 38th Streets, the heart of York's garment district. It shows the thousands of workers who refused to climb stairs to their work after elevator operators and starters went out on strike on the morning of September 24. The gar workers were in sympathy with the strikers, and they used this method of demonstrating their suppo

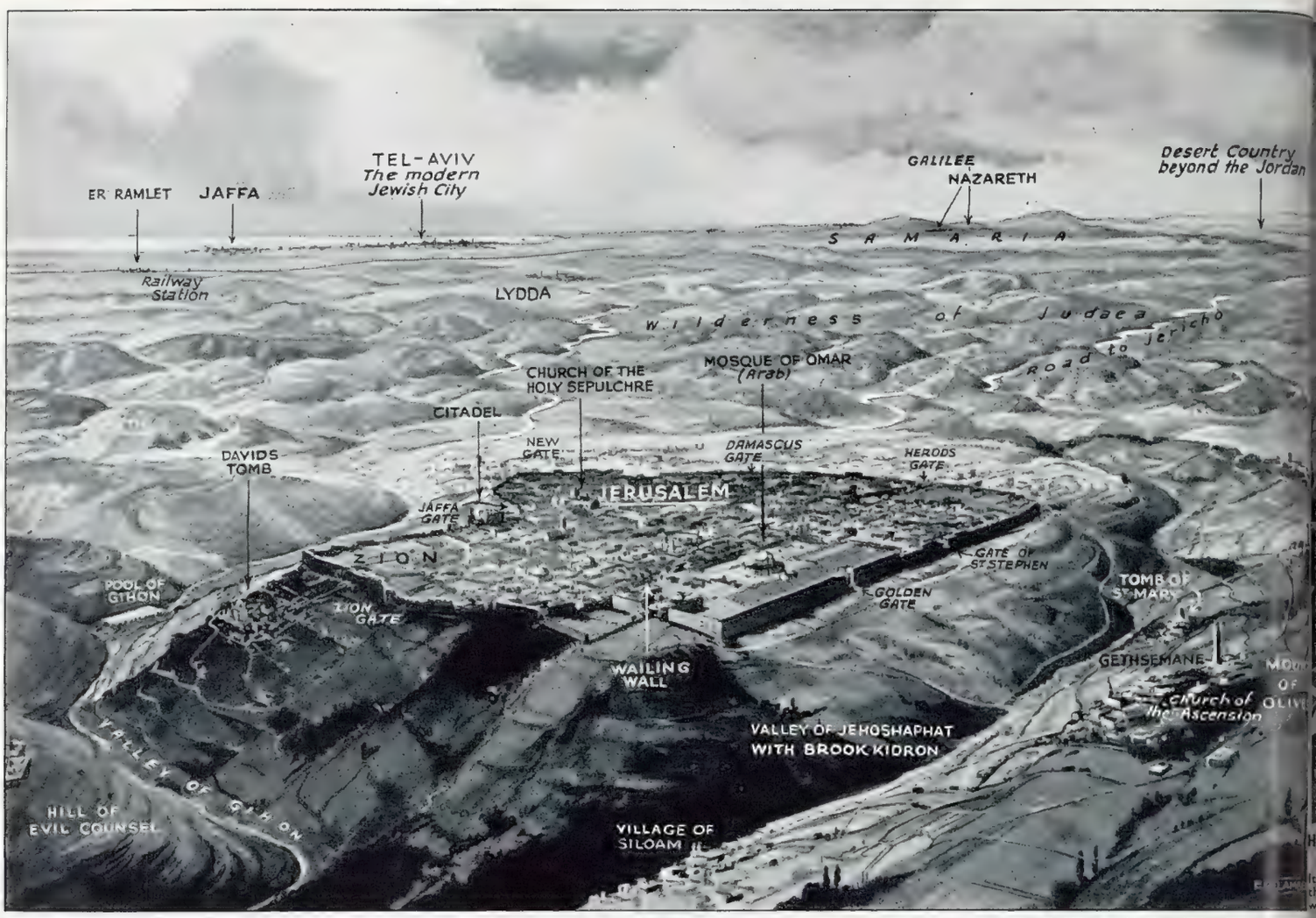
NYLON STOCKINGS ARE ON SALE AGAIN IN PENNSYLVANIA : For American women this news proved no less exciting than it would for their British sisters. The city police were prepared for a riot when the G. C. Murphy Five and Ten Cents Stores offered 600 pairs of Nylon stockings at their counters in McKeesport, but the customers exhibited exemplary behaviour

A NEW CRAZE FOR THE "BOBBY-SOXERS" OF AMERICA : The newest fad among the "bobby-soxers" in New York (young girls of teen-age and facile enthusiasms) is a button picture of their favourite crooner pinned to their short socks at the ankle. One of the two girls in this picture also has a "hostess" button on her other sock

A CHINESE "UMBRELLA PARADE" THROUGH THE STREETS OF NEW YORK : Umbrellas instead of colourful costumes were the order of the day as the Chinese residents of New York City began their Victory parade from Chinatown on September 18. The event marked the fourteenth anniversary of the Japanese invasion of Manchuria, and was held to celebrate the Allied defeat of Japan. More than 10,000 people marched up Fifth Avenue to 62nd Street through a drenching downpour. The Chinese quarter in New York is a fair-sized city in itself, with its own theatres, restaurants and institutions

FROM STEEL HELMETS TO RADIO CABINETS : Women workers at the Firestone Tyre and Rubber Company's plant at Akron, in Ohio, are here seen putting the finishing touches to plastic radio cabinets on one of the plant's many assembly lines as reconversion from war to peace manufacture gets into full swing. This department formerly made plastic liners for American battle helmets. Radio sets by the thousand are now being prepared for sale to civilians throughout the United States

HOW HOLLYWOOD HAS GROWN DURING THE WAR : Four years older and an increase of 320,000 in population. This is an air view of crowded downtown Los Angeles, photographed from the air for the first time since aerial photography was banned for war security. The West Coast city, right in the centre of a war industry area, has grown in population in the last four years to a total of 1,825,000, an increase of 320,000 over its pre-war population. This picture was made from a Pan-American World Airways plane, the first to make a photographic flight since 1941



A VIEW OF THE HOLY LAND, LOOKING ACROSS THE CITY OF JERUSALEM TOWARDS THE GREAT JE SETTLEMENT OF TEL-AVIV, NEAR THE PORT OF JAFFA: It is here—around the centres of Jerus Tel-Aviv and Haifa—that trouble is again threatened between Arab and Jew—*Drawing by E. G.*

PALESTINE IS ONCE MORE A PROBLEM

The Trouble-Centre Between Jew and Arab in the Middle East

A FLASHBACK TO A SIMILAR STATE OF AFFAIRS ON THE EVE OF THE WAR: A picture from Palestine received in England in September 1939. Rioting and demonstrations were then taking place in the principal towns of Palestine, following the publication of the Government's White Paper on Palestine. Troops were then—as now—standing by ready to deal with emergencies, as thousands of Jews paraded in the streets. This picture was taken when the twenty-four-hours curfew was being enforced in Jerusalem in September 1939. Troops are seen guarding the entrance to the bazaar streets: only police and military were to be seen in the streets during this period of the curfew

THE WILDNESS OF PART OF PALESTINE: An aerial view showing the Jericho Road passing through rugged and barren hills of the Wilderness of Judaea, which lies between the city of Jerusalem the Sea of Galilee

All through the summer there have been growing signs of tension in Palestine, due to the increasing pressure for a greatly increased immigration of Jews into the country and to the determination of the Arabs to prevent this. There have been strikes and massed meetings, troubles on the borders of Syria and Lebanon, and a general feeling that something serious might occur. Dr. Weizmann and the Zionist Party, encouraged by the suggestions of the Labour Party of the United States, are making large demands for immediate action, involving the entry of 100,000 Jewish refugees from Europe at once into Palestine. On the other hand, the whole Arab world insists upon the British Government maintaining the White Paper of 1939, which they regard as a protective charter against the flooding in of Jews into the land they have held for 1,300 years. The Moslems of India have protested, and Iraq recalls the promise made during the war that no alteration would be made without consulting the Arabs.

The main Jewish settlement lies in a north-westerly direction from Jerusalem, through Lydda to Jaffa, and Tel-Aviv, as shown in the drawing above. Jerusalem itself, so filled with sacred associations for the Jews, Christians and Moslems who gather within its walls, is always a danger-spot for revolt. Situated among the rugged mountains which made it a natural fortress from the days of David, it has a stirring, and oft-time, tragic history. It was David who fixed the capital on Mount Zion, the south-e spur of the mountain group, surrounded by deep and Solomon who erected the Temple on Mount M to the east of Zion, lying across a valley which was p filled in. On the level plateau of Mount Moriah three were built—that of Solomon, which was destroy Nebuchadnezzar; that of Nehemiah, after the return exiles from Babylon; and that of Herod the Great, rebuilt the temple in splendour. Now not one stone re after the final destruction by Titus in A.D. 70, wh Jews were expelled from their historic capital. Nea centuries later the followers of Mahomet took the city the Romans, clearing the ruins from the temple are building the beautiful Mosque—"The Dome of the Ro on the site of the Jewish Temple

W THE JEWISH AGRARIAN SETTLERS IN PALESTINE PROTECT THEMSELVES WITH BARBED WIRE AND WATCH TOWERS when tension with the Arabs rises : the towers are manned by local residents who volunteer for the task—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

is said that one of the reasons for the hostility of the Arabs is the success which has met Jewish settlers as a result of their industry and modern methods of agriculture. This, together h the fear of ultimate Jewish domination of the Arab races, is the cause of the present demands for the restriction of further immigration into Palestine. Compared with the primitive agricultural methods of the Arabs, the Jews are working on scientific lines and utilising up-to-date machinery, while their colonies, which are mostly run on communal lines, are well planned

E MODERN SKYSCRAPERS OF JERUSALEM : A view of the splendid new buildings which have been erected on King George V Avenue. They are here seen from the roof of the Zionist Executive offices. These buildings have all been erected since Palestine became the "Jewish National Home"

THE KING DAVID HOTEL, THE MOST SUMPTUOUS HOTEL BUILDING IN THE HOLY CITY : It has 200 bedrooms (the majority with running water) and cost £250,000 to build. It is situated on Julian's Way, and from the terrace and front windows magnificent views of the Old City are obtained

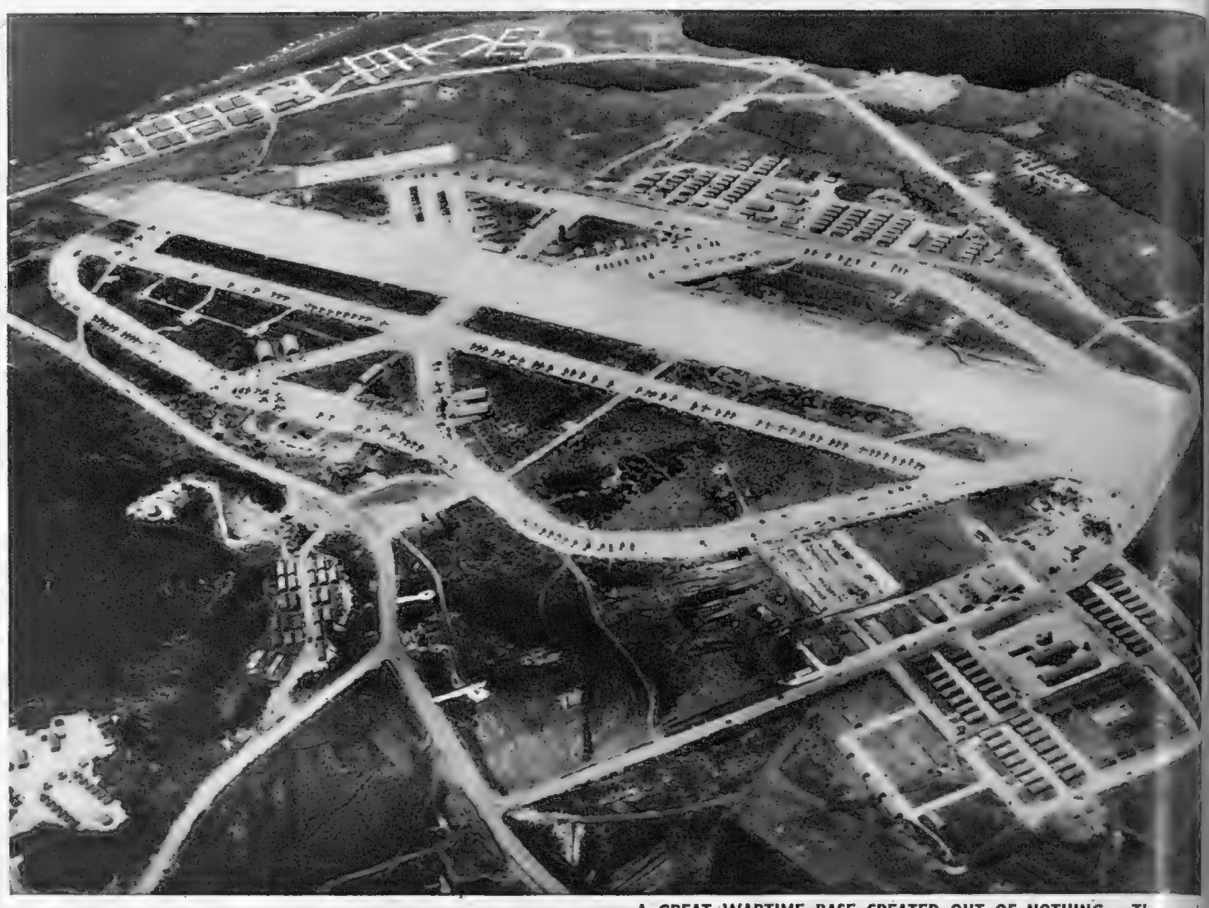
E NEW ARCHÆOLOGICAL MUSEUM IN JERUSALEM : This magnificent pile of buildings, grouped round a central tower, was a gift to the Holy City by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Junior. It is a fitting home for the many treasures which have been dug up on Bible sites during the British occupation. Note the city wall on the extreme left

AT HAIFA, THE INDUSTRIAL CENTRE OF PALESTINE : Outside the inner city, most of the buildings are strongly fortified. This dwelling-house seems to have been built to resist a long siege

From FOREIGN LANDS

Pictures from the Pacific, Belgium and France

The pictures reproduced on the right and below show two key-points in the Pacific—Saipan Island and Bougainville, on both of which the Americans have constructed huge air bases, out of practically nothing. Both played a large part in the final defeat of Japan. The Saipan base was constructed at Marpi Point, by U.S. Naval Construction Battalions, after it had been wrested from the Japs in the Marianas in August 1944. From here the big bombers flew to Tokyo and Japan. Torakina Airfield, on Bougainville, was laid down after the capture of the Solomon group. Both are now included amongst the nine which the U.S. Navy recommend should be retained as permanent bases in the Pacific Ocean. The speed with which the air bases were constructed in the most complete manner was one of the major achievements of the war

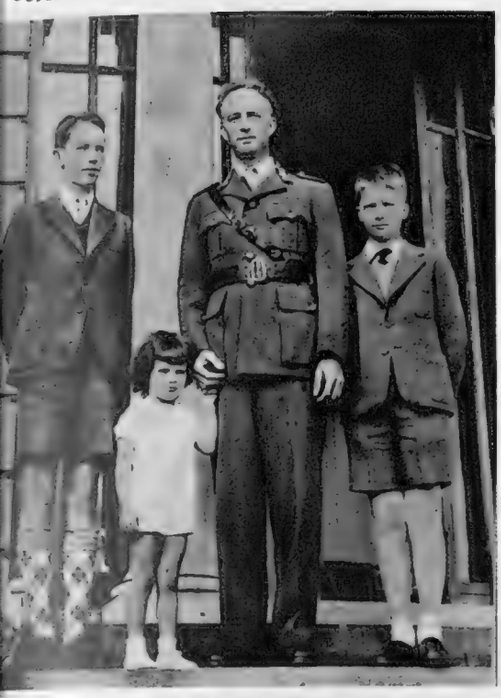


A GREAT WARTIME BASE CREATED OUT OF NOTHING: The naval Base built in record time by the Americans on the island Saipan, in the Marianas. It was from here that the Fl Fortresses carried out their raids on Tokyo and on Jap

ANOTHER AIR BASE IN THE REMOTE PACIFIC: The runways of Torakina Airfield on Bougainville Island, in the Solomons. This is one of the nine Pacific bases recommended for retention by the United States after the signing of the Peace Treaty

THE BRITISH NAVY PAYS A VISIT TO STOCKHOLM: For the first in seven years, foreign warships have been visiting Sweden. This pic shows the cruiser *Birmingham* and the destroyer *Offa* lying close t quay at Stockholm, the capital, watched by a crowd of people. T British vessels in all took part in the visit—the other ship being the O Since the outbreak of war, the Baltic has been closed to the outside

THE FIRST BATTLESHIP TO BE DRY-DOCKED IN THE PHILIPPIN Hit for the second time in the far Pacific area by a Kamikaze suicide pl the American battleship *Mississippi* was eased into a floating dry- for repairs at Goiuan anchorage at Samar Island in June 1945. dock was intended for cruisers; but by pumping out 700,000 gallon fuel oil from her tanks, the giant ship was safely lodged on the blocks. She thus became the first battleship to be so "docked" in Philippine area



IG LEOPOLD SETTLES IN HIS GENEVA HOME. At the doorway of the Villa Reposoir, with his three sons: they are—left to right—Prince Baudouin, Prince Alexandre (holding his father's hand) and Prince Albert

E FAMILY CIRCLE AT THE VILLA NEAR GENEVA. From left to right—the Princess Josephine-Charlotte, Prince Albert, Princess de Rethy (with Prince Alexandre on her knee), King Leopold and Prince Baudouin (the eldest son) King Leopold the Third of Belgium is now living with his wife, the Princess de Rethy, and their four children in the Villa Reposoir, situated near Geneva. There he will remain until the Belgian political situation is clarified

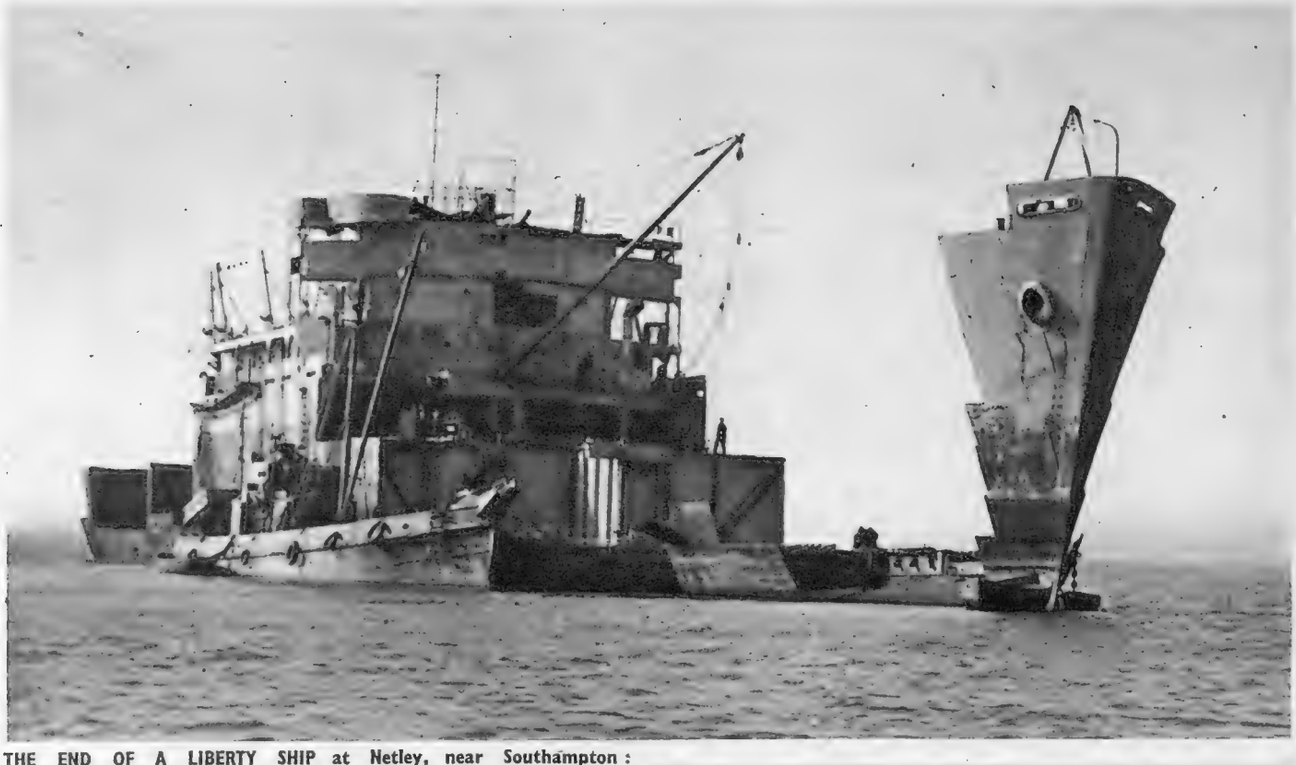
PARIS SQUARE IS NAMED AFTER A HERO OF THE RESISTANCE MOVEMENT—a corner of the Place du Colonel Fabien. This Paris square used to be the "Place du Combat." On the anniversary of the liberation of Paris it was renamed, in honour of a hero of the French Resistance Movement

THE SCENE AT THE JAPANESE SURRENDER OF JAVA: The Japanese representatives at the Conference on board the "Cumberland"; in the front row are—Colonel Obana (Senior Staff); Major-General Nishimura (Civil Adm.); Major-General Yamamoto; Rear-Admiral Meada. Standing behind are: Lieut.-Colonel Nomovo (Civil Adm.); Lieut.-Colonel Miyamoto (Staff); Captain Nagasuki; and Major Yamagucki (Staff). A total occupation of the island of Java has not yet been made by the Allies; occupation troops are expected to land in October. Meanwhile, on September 15, Rear-Admiral Patterson arrived off Java with his flagship, H.M.S. *Cumberland*, and the Japanese Military Staff of Java and the East Indies, headed by Major-General Yamamoto, went aboard for the Conference. For the moment the Japs remain in possession of the island; they are still armed and in control of transport and all facilities, but a small Allied military advance party numbering 130 landed to contact the Japs and begin essential relief work among prisoners-of-war and internees. A few days before the arrival of Admiral Patterson, the Japanese had issued the liberated prisoners with extra clothing

THE WOMEN WHO ARE WAITING TO "WELCOME" THE ALLIED TROOPS OF OCCUPATION IN JAPAN: Contrary to general belief, many of the women of Nippon have quite Western ideas of dress; some of them go to great pains to secure the latest clothes from the United States. These women, for example, not only display a Western "chic" in evening clothes, but also use cosmetics and lipsticks and hair styles quite alien to the Orient. Before the war, it was types such as these who "entertained" tourists in the dance-halls of Tokyo

ENGLISH SCENES

A Selection of News-Pictures from Many Parts of the Country



THE END OF A LIBERTY SHIP at Netley, near Southampton: This half-dismembered skeleton was once a fine ship, built during the war for wartime needs. It is now anchored off Netley, near Southampton, and is one of several vessels off-shore waiting to be dismantled for scrap-iron. Most of her bow had already been cut away when this picture was taken

BACK TO FIREWORKS: Preparing for Guy Fawkes Day at Boxmoor. After six years of specialised work spent in making rescue rockets, target indicators, etc., for war and rescue purposes, the factory at Boxmoor has now reverted to making "Crystal Palace" fireworks, just in time for Guy Fawkes Day. Here Mr. W. Thaxter, who has been employed on these tasks for over fifty years, is again busy with peacetime production

EIGHT GERMAN TORPEDO-RECOVERY BOATS ARE BROUGHT UP THAMES: They are 20-ft. motor launches, with black hulls and yel exhaust funnels. Escorted up the Thames by three British M.L.s, German vessels are now lying in the East India Docks. Each ve had a crew of four Germans, under a R.N.V.R. Lieutenant, on boa The craft will be used for naval practice

THE LEICESTER MILLS WHICH ARE BEING CLOSED DOWN BY MESSRS. PATON AND BALDWIN: This view shows the West Bridge Mill, one of the four which are being closed down by Paton and Baldwin under the scheme to erect new works at Darlington, in County Durham. The mill employed about 400 people before the war: it was formerly occupied by Ellis and Whitmore, and was built about 100 years ago. The office block (nearest camera) is of recent date. The new works at Darlington are expected to be completed in 1948

REFRESHER COURSES FOR BANK OFFICIALS AT WIMBLEDON: Member of their staff just returned from the Services are now being given refresher courses by Barclays Bank before proceeding to take up their peacetime jobs. The courses have been instituted at Chester House, on Wimbledon Common; here some of the students are seen with one of the lecturers

A BRITISH BOMBER CRASHES ON A YORKSHIRE VILLAGE: TWO SCENES JUST AFTER THE TRAGEDY AT TOCKWITH. *On left*—**A burning house in the main street, known as Cromwell's Cottage, where Cromwell is said to have stayed during the Battle of Marston Moor; *On right*—A scene of destruction, with fires still smouldering**

One civilian was killed and another injured when a Stirling bomber crashed in the middle of the sleeping village of Tockwith, ten miles from York, a few days ago. The six members of the crew were also killed. The plane was trying to land on Marston Moor aerodrome in the early hours of the morning, when it swept along the main street, demolishing the roofs of houses and finally disintegrating. Wreckage from the aircraft stretched for about half-a-mile through the village, and nineteen houses and shops were damaged, mainly by fire and flying debris. The village post-office was practically demolished. N.F.S. units from a wide area took several hours to put out the fire; all the people whose homes had been destroyed were accommodated by other villagers. Tockwith is an historic village, being on the battlefield of Marston Moor

THE HOUSE IN THE ISLE OF DOGS VISITED BY THE DUKE OF WINDSOR: When the Duke of Windsor and Queen Mary toured London's waterfront recently, they paid a surprise visit on Mrs. Phœbe Kirby, who lives in this prefabricated bungalow in Stratondale Street, Cubitt Town. The Duke was highly interested in the bungalow; he asked if Mrs. Kirby liked the new home. He also chatted on food problems and clothing coupons, and asked Mrs. Kirby if she had ever worn wooden-soled shoes

SWEDISH HOMES FOR BRITAIN: A general view of the first of the prefabricated permanent houses under construction at Abbots Langley, Herts. Swedish foremen are supervising the erection of four prefabricated permanent houses at Abbots Langley. They have been specially designed to suit British conditions, and they are the first of 5,000 two-storey timber dwellings ordered from Stockholm last May: they are only partly prefabricated. Unlike the usual erection of these houses, the chimney-stacks, of brick, are built first, and the outer walls erected around them

MORE THAN 50,000 OF LONDON'S BOMB-REPAIR MEN MARCH THROUGH LONDON IN BANDS PASSING THROUGH CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS; A TOKEN "STRIKE" AGAINST A SUMMER-TIME CHANGE. *On left*—**Banners and** *On right*—**The march along Piccadilly**

More than 50,000 of London's bomb-repair men downed tools and went on half-day strike and then staged a protest march through the West End of London—the biggest march seen in this city for years. Bearing hundreds of banners and accompanied by scores of foot and mounted police, the procession passed from Hyde Park into Park Lane and along Piccadilly. The men are angered by the change from summer-time back to Greenwich Mean Time, which, they say, will cost them 30s. a week by loss of overtime. The men behind the move are urging that builders should ask for another 10d. per hour to make up for the money lost through shorter hours of work in winter

FROM CROCODILES TO LIFEBUOYS

The Range of Queer War Machines Used by the 79th Armoured Division, and the Part They Played in the Overthrow of the Enemy

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

AMID all the spate of disclosures of wartime secrets and the exploits of individual units, no real tribute has been paid to the 79th Armoured Division. And yet, without the 79th, the landings in Normandy and the speed of the final overthrow of the German Army would not have been possible.

The only official hint that has so far been given about its existence was supplied by Major-General Sir Donald Banks when he opened the Petroleum Warfare Exhibition now at the Imperial War Museum. Even then he was only referring to the Crocodiles, Wasps and Lifebuoys, and made no reference to the regiments which manned the Terrapins, Buffaloes, Kangaroos, Crabs and Avres. When I was in Eindhoven in February of this year as THE SPHERE'S War Correspondent, I wrote a long account of the 79th Armoured Division, but it was stopped dead in its tracks by the censors. Now that story can be told.

The 79th Armoured Division was the most fascinating unit in the British Liberation Army. It was not really a Division at all, it was more like a Corps, possessing over 1,300 specialised armoured fighting vehicles in addition to "soft" transport. It was commanded by Major-General Hobart, brother-in-law of Field-Marshal Montgomery. It was "Hobo" who guided the adaptation of obsolescent tanks to the most novel and up-to-date war weapons in our armoury.

The fact that all these queer A.F.V.s were manned by Army as opposed to Divisional troops, was a top secret which the War Office would not allow to be revealed at the time in any circumstances. The idea was that the German High Command would presume that all Divisions, and possibly Brigades, were equipped with these terrifying monstrosities. All that the general public were allowed to know was that these weapons existed. Discreetly censored photographs of them were allowed to appear in the Press, but no real details of their prowess was permitted.

This is what I wrote at the time: "Crocodiles are flame-throwing tanks, the rod of flame having a good range of 100 yards and spreading like a burning mustard-plaster of 20 sq. ft. when it hit its target at 120 m.p.h. It can be bounced over obstacles into a trench, as the Germans have discovered to their horror. It can bake a pillbox garrison to death if there is the slightest flaw or slit in it. Even if there is none, the occupants come out sweating, cowering and quite silly. A first-class German sergeant-major, who had fought against us in a crack regiment from Dunkirk to El Alamein and did two years on the Russian Front, surrendered with his men at the mere approach of a Crocodile. He said that flame-throwers were not in his contract. . . . The chemical mixture which generates the flame is contained in a trailer which can be jettisoned, and is sometimes known rudely as an armoured gas-leak. When a button is pressed the flame shoots out of a turret-like device in front, causing a dull roaring sound under the tank, rather like a passenger goods train passing 20 yards away. Incidentally, the Crocodile crews have their own slang—a misfire being known as a wet shot, for example. None, however, has been allowed to fall into enemy hands as yet, so I must give no further details. But their morale effect is prodigious."

If it had not been for the Crabs, Avres and Buffaloes, it is highly questionable whether the original landings in Normandy could have been a success. Von Rundstedt had erected the most formidable under-water and other obstacles, which no shelling, bombing nor engineering skill of the sappers could possibly have neutralised. For months the crews of these strange monsters trained together in England. Then came D-Day, and the Crabs, commonly known as flails, lashed their way through the minefields to the lateral road, clearing the tetrahedras (dragons' teeth), the Element C.s (Belgian-type under-water defences) and the hedgehogs, all of which were surmounted either by shells or teller mines. They were, however, preceded by the Avres, who blasted the pillboxes with their "flying dustbins" and then put down coir mats and fascines to enable the other armoured fighting vehicles to follow on behind. Kangaroos are a Canadian invention, a certain type of tank stripped of its turret to carry a section of infantry. Buffaloes are armoured bulldozers. Crabs proceed, when actually flailing, at 1 m.p.h. to 1½ m.p.h. Time must crawl more slowly for their crews than for anyone else in the world. Their slow speed inevitably makes them an easy target for the enemy, quite apart from the risk of being blown up by mines when going up-hill, or when mines are buried more deep than usual, or when the sogginess of the ground does not allow the flailing chains to exert sufficient pressure. When the flails touch off an anti-tank mine, the crew feel the tank shudder.

Crabs proceed in echelon formation, the troop leader having to keep his head out most of the time to make sure that direction is being kept as he "flogs his lane." For the men in the Crab, each detonation of an anti-tank mine sounds like a V1 a mile away and the air inside is full of dust and the smell of cordite. That is all I may say about these secret weapons of ours. But there is much more to the subject than the mere details of their performance. It is readily understood that such specialist tanks cannot be mass-produced. Besides, their crews need special training and their usefulness is technical to a degree. At first many of them were used inexpertly by infantry commanders. To-day this is all changed. Take, for example, the new offensive south-east of Nijmegen. What happened would have been something like this. General Dempsey and General Crerar, having been briefed by Field-Marshal Montgomery to open a double attack, would have sent for General Hobart in charge of the "zoo," and must have said, "Our plans are so and so. We want your assistance. Can you help us?"

"I've got so many Crocodiles, Buffaloes, etc., already committed," would have been the reply. "But if 21st Army Group agree, I'll let you have the rest." General Hobart must then have gone off to see Field-Marshal Montgomery's Chief of Staff and sought his approval. General Dempsey and General Crerar would have then asked for senior staff officers from General Hobart's headquarters to come and help plan the offensive. It would then be usual for these officers, having discussed the rough idea, to return to the "zoo" headquarters, while in their place a Brigadier goes to each Corps concerned in the forthcoming operation to discover further details. We must now change the zoological metaphor to a golfing parallel. The Brigadiers may be described as caddies with an assorted bag of clubs, who advise the Corps Commanders whether they will need a No. 3 wood (say a Crocodile) or a No. 4 iron (say a Buffalo) or a driver (say an Avre). This advice having been offered and accepted, the Brigadier sends a Lieutenant-Colonel to each of the Divisions concerned. These Lieutenant-Colonels arrive, do a personal recce, and study the maps and minefields before informing the Divisional Commander that what he really wants is a No. 4 iron and a putter, or a No. 3 and a No. 2 wood. In actual practice, never less than a squadron of these specialist tanks are ever sent into an individual engagement, if only because anyone below the rank of a Major may not have the moral courage to point out that his tanks are going to be used incorrectly, uselessly and perhaps suicidally.

So advanced, almost futuristic, are these secret weapons of ours, that Major-General Hobart does not have a single professional soldier in the higher grades of his staff. No regular officer could cope with the extraordinary demands and problems and improvisations with which he would be faced every day.

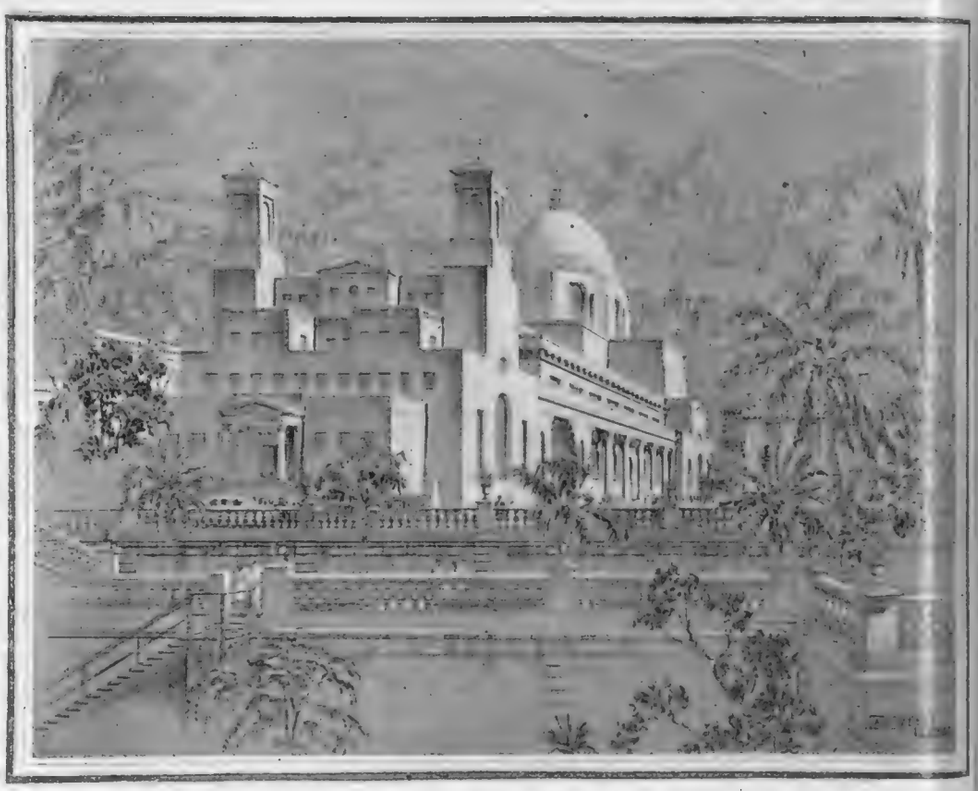
Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the "zoo" is that nearly every one of its grisly occupants was brought to life from the bones of obsolescent or even obsolete tanks: tanks which were merely suitable for scrap; tanks which never went into battle, having been proved completely unbattle-worthy almost before they had rolled off the lines of the factories which made them; tanks which were outmoded for their original purpose, even before they were completed.

Wasps and Lifebuoys were smaller versions of the Crocodile, though the principle was the same, the Wasp being a Bren-gun carrier fitted with a flame-thrower, and the Lifebuoy being a still smaller version issued to infantry, particularly to airborne troops.

As Major-General Sir Donald Banks said in his recent speech at the Imperial War Museum, flame-throwers were great life-savers as far as the British Army was concerned. The three Crocodile regiments (141st Regiment R.A.C. (The Buffs), Fife and Forfar Yeomanry and the 7th Royal Tanks) fought in over 110 actions from the Normandy Coast to the Elbe. Their total casualties were under 100 men killed and missing and 170 wounded.

Wasps fought between 400 and 500 actions. They were used, like the Crocodile, both in North-West Europe and in Italy. Field-Marshal Alexander, no doubt remembering his close interest in flame in the early days of Petroleum Warfare, used them in the victorious attack on the difficult defences of the River Senio, which heralded the first major collapse of the enemy.

The British Army was the only army to adopt mechanised flame-throwers on a large scale and as an integral weapon. By the end of hostilities every Canadian and most British battalions were armed with Wasps, and, in addition to the three regiments of Crocodiles in Field-Marshal Montgomery's armies, there were others under Field-Marshal Alexander. Assistance was given to the U.S. Army, who had no formations of mechanised flame-throwers in Europe and only relatively few in action in the Pacific before the fighting finished.



THE PROPOSED ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS TO THE ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL AT GIBRALTAR under the Thanksgiving Scheme for the Malta and Gibraltar Appeal: In *The Sphere* of July 7 there appeared a reproduction of a drawing by Mr. A. C. Webb showing the proposed Shrine of Remembrance to be erected in St. Paul's Anglican Cathedral, Malta, to commemorate and say "Thank You" for the part played by that island during the war. Under the same scheme comes this picture of the proposed alterations to the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity at Gibraltar. Anyone who knows the Rock will be able to follow the way in which the present Cathedral is to be enlarged and beautified. The new social centre, offices, Dean's quarters, etc., are comprised in the block in the forefront of the picture. £100,000 is aimed at, and if sufficient funds can be raised, it will be one of the finest buildings on the Rock, and a worthy memorial to the part played by Gibraltar and its garrison during the war. The offices of the Appeal are at 36, Great Peter Street, London, S.W.1

The ENTHRONEMENT of LONDON'S BISHOP

Accompanied by Demonstrations in Front of St. Paul's

DR. J. W. C. WAND, THE NEW BISHOP, DEMANDS ADMISSION TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL IN THE TRADITIONAL MANNER BEFORE HIS ENTHRONEMENT. After the oath had been administered in the Chapel of St. Michael and St. George, the Bishop and his chaplains left by the south-west door to re-enter by the main door. Three times he knocked before being admitted, and a fanfare sounded as the door was opened to him

WHILE THE NEW BISHOP WAS BEING ENTHRONED WITHIN THE CATHEDRAL, a big demonstration was staged in front of St. Paul's by the National Union of Protestants, who claim that Dr. Wand is not suitable, on the grounds that he is an "extreme Anglo-Catholic"

THE BISHOP OF LONDON PASSES IN FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL and takes a glance at the demonstrators gathered in force to protest against his enthronement

While the new Bishop of London, Dr. J. W. C. Wand, was being enthroned in St. Paul's last week, a big demonstration was staged on the steps of the Cathedral as a protest against his appointment. It was organised by a body who claim that he is not a suitable person to be Bishop of London, and that his appointment is "sacrilege," as he is an "extreme Anglo-Catholic." A loud-speaker mounted on a car figured in the scene; as the car drew up outside the Cathedral, the Director of the National Union of Protestants took over the microphone and expressed protests against "Roman Catholicism in the Protestant Church." He was surrounded by crowds of his supporters. Within the Cathedral, the new Bishop was met by the Dean and Chapter, the Archdeacons and the four Bishops Suffragan of the Diocese. The enthronement proceeded along traditional lines

TO REACH THE CATHEDRAL, Dr. Wand had to walk past a number of demonstrants—none of whom recognised him! The demonstration was organised by the Rev. W. St. Clair Taylor, General Director of the National Union of Protestants

THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE CATHEDRAL WHILE THE ENTHRONEMENT WAS IN PROGRESS: A loud-speaker was employed by the National Union of Protestants, and a number of posters were prominently displayed summarising the demonstrants' objections

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

SPORT, ROMANCE AND THE RUSSIANS

Huntin' and Shootin' Here and in America; An Excellent New Edition of Dostoevsky; A Gay Romantic Novel by a New Writer

AN English woman, returned to this country after six years in America, said to me the other evening that London seemed completely changed to her. And completely dreary, she added, rather unnecessarily, I thought. "Of course," I agreed vaguely. "The bomb damage, and so on." It turned out that she was partly depressed by the drabness of everybody's clothes, but that her reaction to the ruins and even more desolate half-ruins was not one of awe or pity and certainly not horror; she just thought the whole place looked sordid.

Well, that's a point of view, but having to live with this drabness, I far prefer the point of view of Miss Anita Mostyn, who has written a novel about a collection of gay and romantic people camping out during the blitz itself in a deserted house in London. There are ruins enough in the setting of this story; we even see ruins in the making, but by a not impossible alchemy these traces of war are transmuted into something that is heroic.

THE SAMBA—a new dance from Brazil: South America, birthplace of the Rumba, which swayed its way into favour in Europe, has produced another dance—the Samba. The two South American dancers Lamar and Rosita are here seen giving the stage version of the dance as they perform it in the show *For Crying Out Loud*, at the Stoll. In the picture above, Lamar and Rosita circle gracefully round as they move into position for one of the big lifts in the stage version of the dance. On the right, Lamar is swinging Rosita gently to the ground while supporting her with his right arm. The Samba, which is both graceful and spectacular, has caused quite a sensation in this country

The activities of THE MAYFAIR SQUATTERS (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) chiefly take place in an empty but beautifully furnished house whose owners have left at the threat of air raids. One by one, an odd gathering of attractive and talented people come to live there together. Nina, glamorous and light-hearted, who is still in love with her divorced husband, Caspian, and is accompanied by Harvey, her brother. They are both Russian, but not the kind who have ever heard of collective farming: rather the earlier brand of Parisien White Russian.

There is a vivid and nervous girl who has been rescued by the brother from a cabaret act she loathed, and deeply in love with a strange and fascinating young man who has lost his memory. And, surprising them all but disconcerting none of them by her unheralded arrival, there is the daughter of the house, a beautiful girl who complicates the emotional situation almost unbearably.

Outside, overhead and all round, the blitz may thunder and scream, but the little group, in its own enchantment, dresses and dines extravagantly, plays chess in the topmost room and works out its own problems, even the most tragic ones, with wit and elegance. I mustn't forget to add that Miss Mostyn knows how to write.

The cause of Anglo-American understanding is dear to all of our hearts, as Lord Keynes may have remarked to Mr. Leo Crowley—Colonel McCormick and Miss Ann Patterson agreeing. Therefore it is with some misgiving that a mere book-reviewer essays to ruffle the placid waters. But can we accept the blurbist's dictum on THE HILL VIXEN (Collins. 7s. 6d.)? "One is grateful," he writes, "to Mr. Higginson for correcting the impression, so commonly and carelessly exploited in films and fiction, of the over-exuberance of the American, and the cold snobbishness of the English reception to visitors from overseas."

So recently following the sojourn of several million Americans in this country, one should perhaps refer that statement to the *New Yorker's* "Department of Raised Eyebrows." I can only suggest that the blurbist has not been round many village pubs during the past few years, and can only wonder what he would make of that remarkable film *The True Glory*.

Mr. A. Henry Higginson has to his credit a long list of books on hunting and racing on both sides of the Atlantic. On these subjects he writes with authority. In *The Hill Vixen*, however, he tries his hand at fiction, without, I fear, very much success.

An old squire, M.F.H. of a famous Hunt, getting tired of paying his son's debts, banishes the young man to the United States to run a Hunt establishment for a Mr. Brook Mills, who has a pack of hounds up on the Hudson River, in New York State.

A fair example of Mr. Higginson's method of handling his characters and action is in the following.

"And so it happened that, a few days later, young Richard Levering said good-bye to his father and sister and embarked on his adventures in the New World. Like many Englishmen, he had never been to America, and he gazed with interest on the forest of tall buildings that loomed up as his ship entered New York harbour a week later. The great American city, with its air of bustle and hurry, astounded him, and he missed the quiet serenity of London and the civility of the porters and taxi-drivers."

Young Levering finds his American employers very pleasant, and the story continues in a succession of letters to his family, of which this is a typical extract: "We had a hunt here a few days ago that was a 'whizzer.' We met at a place called Verbank, some five miles from the kennels. It was a cloudy day with no wind and scent was very good. Andrews had 17½ couple of hounds out and was somewhat disappointed that he failed to find a fox at either of the first two coverts which he drew. In fact, it was 1.00 o'clock before we found our pilot sitting on a boundary fence between Maclay's and Taylor's farms—funny place to find a fox, wasn't it? I'm not sure I should have believed it if I hadn't seen it myself. 'Foresight'—a three-season bitch which came from the Fitzwilliam—was the first hound to open. All the rest flew to her and they got away well together and forced their fox out on the other side of the covert at a great pace. I popped over the fence between Maclay's and Taylor's, crossed the brook, and galloped through the covert as fast as I could; but though I went a far shorter route than hounds, they were through the wood and swinging left-handed as we came into the open. Crossing the road just west of the entrance to Overlook Farm, they streamed up the hill at a great pace, 'Furious' and 'Daisy'—both from Mr. Curre's—fighting for the lead, with all the pack close up, and Andrews having all he could do to stay with them."

As the story develops, it becomes apparent that Mr. Higginson has strong views on the respective merits of American and English hounds, and on the introduction of Welsh blood into the various packs. Here is a typical passage on a subject which takes up most of the story. "Teddy Curre inherited a pack, of sorts, from his father, who died and left him this place, when he was about thirty years old. I've known him all my life, and I used to come down here, as a boy, and hunt with the old Squire. The hounds, then, were a funny lot; all shapes and sizes; and most of 'em woolly—real Welshmen. They had wonderful noses and a great cry, but they were slow and would dwell on a line for hours, if they felt so inclined. We used to go out on rough, unclipped, Welsh cobs, who couldn't gallop much and couldn't jump at all; and the Huntsman, who was an uncouth Welsh farmer, used to talk to his hounds in a jargon which was perfectly unintelligible to anyone save a Welshman. They didn't kill many foxes—above ground—but we had a good deal of fun, and the farmers around the country used to adore it."

It appears that fox-hunters talk very much the same language and behave in very much the same way wherever they meet, and I have no doubt but that devotees of the sport will be suitably enthralled by this story. However as a literary hack I cannot temporise the verdict that as a novelist Mr. Higginson is an authoritative writer upon management of foxhounds.

I would like to congratulate yet another publisher on issuing reprints of great old books rather than first editions of doubtfully valuable new ones. This time it is a new edition of Dostoevsky, of which the first two volumes, CRIME AND PUNISHMENT and THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV (Heinemann, 8s. 6d. each), have just appeared. The translations are by Constance Garnett, and the books have been freshly designed with clear type and good-looking covers.

Of Dostoevsky himself and the feeling he inspired, a Russian critic has written: "He was one of ourselves, a man of our blood and our bone, but one who has suffered and has seen so much more deeply than we that his insight impresses us as wisdom . . . that wisdom of the heart which we seek that we may learn from it how to live. All his other gifts came to him from nature; this he won for himself and through it he became great."

To find the works of this Russian master in print again is more than a literary pleasure; it is the satisfying of a literary need.

Sir John Buchan-Hepburn, known to readers of *The Field* as "Lowlander," has published an agreeable series of essays on shooting and on country life. THE TIME OF LIFE (Hale. 10s. 6d.) is not a book to read at one sitting—a practice which is sometimes put forward as a recommendation in itself—but a book to dip into now and again.

Thus, while I can easily control my enthusiasm for a record of driven pheasants, I do enjoy reading about the making of a Sussex garden, the joys of being alone, or the gentle art of guddling. That last, by the way, is not a misprint but means catching fish by tickling them. Sir John is no snob about sport, and gives as much consideration to his chapters on ferreting, small rough shoots and the menace of grey squirrels as to his dicta on high pheasants or "the true aristocrat of game birds," the partridge.

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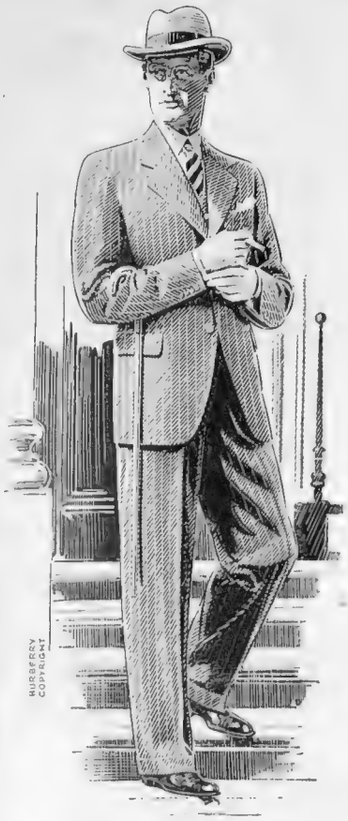

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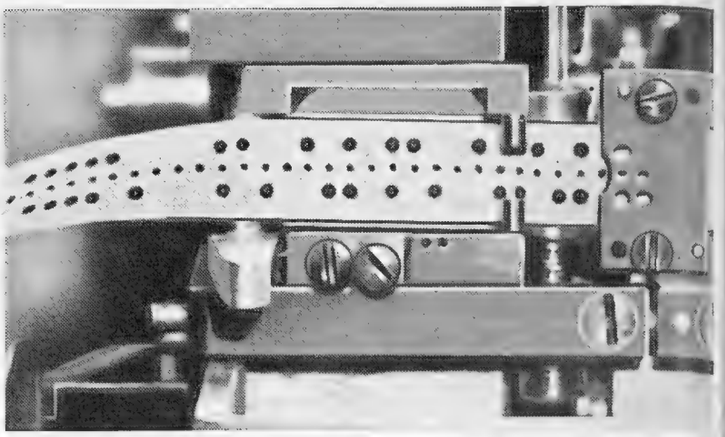

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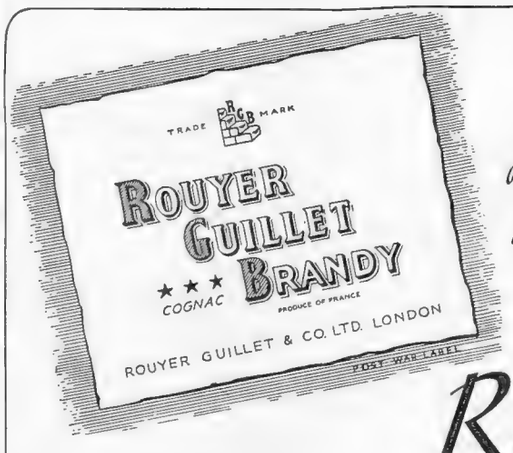

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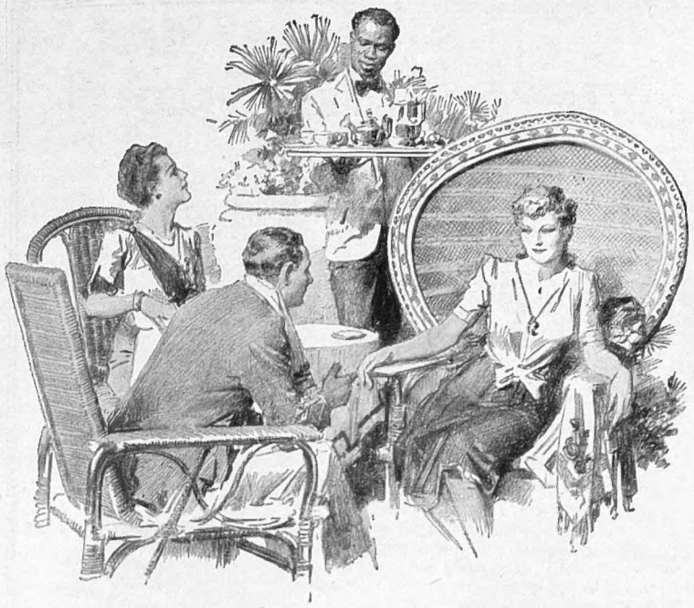

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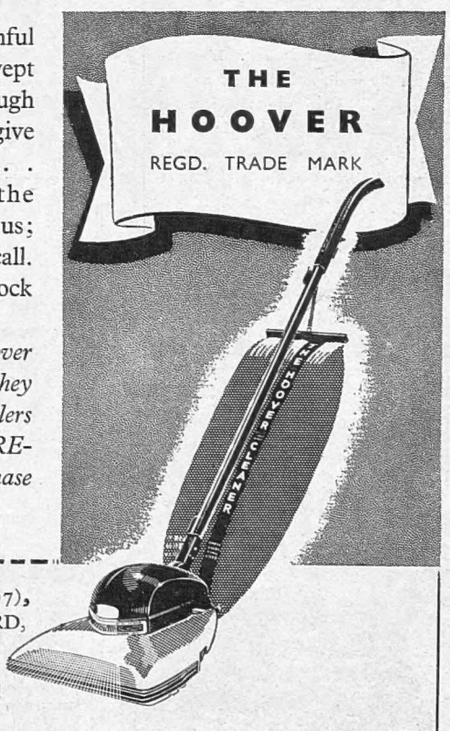

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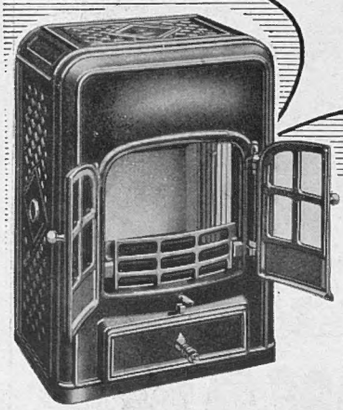

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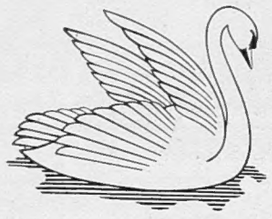

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